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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1928 No. 3311


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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 84, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*


Why is Mr. Kellogg building dreadnaughts and cruisers? He says: "Thou shalt not kill," but he also says: "Fill your waist-belt with knives and pistols so as to be ready to kill."

THUS SPOKE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE at the opening of a remarkable "peace campaign" initiated by the Liberal Party in England on October 8. Mr. Lloyd George added that the nations of the world were heading straight for war, not because any one wanted it, but because no one had the courage to stop the runaway horses of the chariot of war. Unless, he continued, nations soon definitely and finally committed themselves to peaceful means of settling disputes, "God alone can save the world from a more terrible war than has ever been seen." Unquestionably true, but it is again the so-called statesmen, and not God or the nations, that are drifting into war; the people are powerless. The very day that Lloyd George spoke Mussolini ridiculed the Kellogg peace pact which his country so solemnly signed. "The trouble is," he said, "that the whole world is again arming itself. The number of bayonets and cannon is constantly increasing, yet everybody speaks of peace." He is himself one of the greatest menaces to peace and, of course, preaches the bad Rooseveltian doctrine of speaking softly —when not roughly—and of carrying a big stick.

AS FOR OUR AMERICAN RELATIONS with England, they are getting worse. Field Marshal Sir William Robertson has made a speech pointing out that we are drifting into the same situation as were Germany and England prior to the war and declaring that our actions are "disquieting." Washington replies to this that the Government regards such speeches as "deliberate English propaganda" to hamper our building program and "about the last straw so far as official patience here is concerned." (New York *Herald Tribune*, December 7.) In France $80,000 has just been voted from the secret funds for special aviation purposes, only Socialists and Communists dissenting. Every day makes it clearer that governments should no longer be trusted with the war-making power, and that war is more threatening. How shocking it is, therefore, that the Federal Council of Churches, which has just elected that admirable social statesman Bishop Francis J. McConnell as its presiding officer, could not vote at its sixth quadrennial session on December 7 that there should be complete "renunciation of war and the refusal of the church of Christ as an institution to be used as an instrument or an agency in support of war." Some delegates suggested the inevitable "defensive-war" red herring, with the result that the whole matter was referred to the new quadrennial session in 1932! By that time hell may be firmly established on earth and the need for any churches ended. It was Lloyd George who on July 28, 1922, correctly declared that if the "churches of Christ throughout England and America allow that [another war] to fructify, *they had better close their doors.* The next war . . . will be a war on civilization itself." And the Federal Council of Churches must mark time for four years!

MEANWHILE THE PRESIDENT has suddenly thrown his influence openly into the scale on behalf of the fifteen new cruisers and the Kellogg pact. The "official spokesman" has been discarded. Mr. Coolidge himself told the press of Mr. Kellogg's testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, although such testimony is usually considered confidential. He is also the source of the news that he has received thousands of letters on behalf of the Kellogg pact. It is now being claimed in Washington that the fifteen cruisers are merely replacements of ships more than twenty years old and that if built we shall still have less cruiser tonnage than was to have been allotted to us at Geneva by our partners in that conference for the limitation of fleets. The number of protests against the cruiser plan is not announced by the President, but there is every reason to believe that they are very numerous, especially from men in pulpits. In Washington journalistic circles opinion is divided, but there is a growing feeling that nothing will come out of this dying Congress except the appropriation bills. This would be remarkable because there is no real opposition to the Kellogg pact, outside of a very few men. The general attitude is that a vote for it is like a vote for the Ten Commandments, perfectly proper and in no wise affecting the existing status of the world.

NOT ONLY THE LIBERAL PRESS but conservative papers like the London *Express* have now turned against the policy of Austen Chamberlain in making Great Britain merely an echo of France's wishes in regard to repa-

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rations and disarmament. Says the *Express:* "If he continues to maintain that reparations and evacuation are indissolubly linked, and that we cannot leave the Rhineland until all the terms of the Treaty of Versailles have been carried out to the letter, then he will not be speaking for Britain, and the outside world should know it." The *Manchester Guardian* naturally demands to know whether the protocol with its definite promise of evacuation in the event of good faith is to be treated as a "scrap of paper." "Narrow legalistic hair-splitting will not suffice," it declares. "The fact remains that the former Allies are morally bound to withdraw their troops." It is also a fact that the present policy of England and France is a direct negation of the spirit of Locarno and that every day the troops stay in Germany the more difficult they make the task of the German Government in carrying out the reparations program; indeed, their presence endangers a continuance of Dr. Stresemann in office and strengthens the reactionary and nationalistic forces within the Reich. As we go to press it appears as if there might be a promise of partial evacuation in 1929. But that is not adequate. Good faith, honesty, and a respect for the integrity of the Treaty of Versailles, as well as self-interest in the matter of reparations, all dictate immediate and complete withdrawal. The pretense that any further coercion of Germany is needed is as false as it is preposterous.

IN BOLIVIA'S CAPITAL, the name of which—in English—is Peace, they are shouting War. At this writing the popular outburst in La Paz has all the makings of the stupidest kind of nationalistic conflict. There is a patriotic frenzy over "wounded honor," in consequence of which overwrought young men are clamoring for the high privilege of wallowing in the mud, getting lousy, and finally rotting into carrion on a "field of glory." The cause of the madness is a disputed boundary line between Bolivia and Paraguay. The contested boundary, of which there are still a number in Latin America, didn't matter until oil—that most inflammable product—was found in the neighborhood. Then both countries sent troops into the region, and never in history has such action had any but one result—a clash. There is no use in trying to apportion the blame—both sides were as culpable in letting their respective forces come together as if they had unleashed two bulldogs in the same inclosure. But after the set-to Paraguay sensibly offered to arbitrate the dispute under the Gondra Convention; Bolivia, talking of "wounded honor," began to demur. It is sincerely to be hoped that Bolivia may be otherwise persuaded. War at any time is foolish and tragic. But at the Christmas season, during the "good-will trip" of Mr. Hoover, and coincident with the sessions of the Pan-American arbitration conference in Washington a conflict would be not only the depth of stupidity but also the height of irony. We wish success to the committee on conciliation headed by Mr. Hughes.

NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND British miners are on the verge of starvation. And this is not even front-page news in our press. We enlarge our headlines for spectacular and dramatic disasters at sea; but for the time-worn conflict of labor and capital, the dreary round of strike and starve or work and starve only a little less, we have no longer any but the most casual notice. Charity has made only a small dent in the misery in South Wales and Durham; subsistence doles prolong lives that are such only in that breath remains in wasted bodies. The Government's plan to revive depressed industries, of which coal is one, will take a long time to take effect if it ever does. A scheme of cultivating 10,000 vegetable gardens to raise food for relief means little in winter. Conferences mean even less. They are as ever-present as distress among the miners. And in the face of an approaching winter the South Wales colliery owners have offered a wage reduction of $.25 a shift—12½ per cent. In two years the mine owners have lost nearly £5,500,000. If they at least have enough to eat and clothes to cover them, they, too, have their difficulties. The trouble is not with individual owners or a particular strike, but with the coal industry as a whole. Not only the miners but the industry itself is starving to death—as slowly and surely as the bitter Welsh winter approaches. Where is King Coal? Who or what can save him? The miners say higher wages; the owners say lower wages; the "public" says conferences. But the patient continues to weaken.

THE SENATORS who are fighting against the confirmation of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior will have the good-will of every believer in clean government. A sinner may become an archbishop in the pages of a story book, but in real life we doubt whether a faithful attorney for Samuel Insull can become a good Secretary of the Interior. Mr. West was for thirty years the hen man of the very magnates who are now fighting for the private ownership and exploitation of the natural resources which a Secretary of the Interior is supposed to protect. He admitted on the witness stand that he owned large blocks of utilities stocks and handled a goodly share of Samuel Insull's political "appropriations." Apparently he believes that his own case before the Senate is hopeless, for he is brazenly defying decent public sentiment. The case of the Insull interests and Cumberland Falls came before the Federal Power Commission on the very day that Mr. West's appointment was sent to the Senate. Cumberland Falls, known as "the Niagara of the South," is located in eastern Kentucky and is one of twenty power sites in that State which Insull's Middle Western Utilities Company is trying to capture. Although Mr. West has admitted ownership of a large block of stock in this Middle Western Utilities Company, he saw nothing indelicate or questionable in sitting with the Federal Power Commission in his capacity as ex-officio member when the Insull case came up. Such loyalty to his former employers, we trust, will result in Mr. West's being returned by the Senate to the bosom of the Republican Party of Chicago.

WE CANNOT LET PASS without comment the recent retirement of E. A. Stewart, associate professor of agricultural engineering at the University of Minnesota, to become president of the Northwestern Public Utilities Company, with main offices in Minneapolis. For our readers may see in the incident a striking example of the law of cause and effect, or a pretty version of the old story of Virtue Rewarded. While a member of the faculty of a great State university Professor Stewart took from utility companies pay for his time and expenses in attending various power conferences. For going to the World Power Conference in Switzerland, for instance, he received $500 a month for two months and $485 toward his expenses. A couple of years ago he visited Ontario and made an unfavorable report on the government-owned power system. The chair-

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man of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission charged that although errors and misstatements were called to Professor Stewart's attention before the report was published, no corrections were made. Last winter when the Ontario report was quoted by the Portland *Press Herald* the *Evening News* of the same city wrote to Professor Stewart for confirmation of the figures. Instead of a simple reply Professor Stewart offered to go to Maine to deliver a series of addresses in order to give the people "the proper information along this line." When S. S. Wyer published through the Smithsonian Institution a partisan attack on the Ontario power development our hero wrote to the author: "Hallelujah, thine the glory. Hallelujah, amen!" We congratulate the University of Minnesota and Professor Stewart on his change of job. He has earned it.

CHRISTMAS WILL BRING FREEDOM for Eugene Barnett, one of the eight men sentenced to life imprisonment after the raid of American Legion members on the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World in Centralia, Washington, in 1919. The favorable action of the Washington Parole Board in voting to grant Barnett's request for a parole gives hope that the other victims of the Centralia hysteria will soon be released. One member of the American Legion, Captain E. P. Coll of Hoquiam, Washington, is certainly doing his best to compensate for the Centralia injustice. In an open letter to his fellow-Legionnaires he says:

> The I. W. W. in Centralia, Washington, who fired upon the men that were attempting to raid the I. W. W. headquarters were fully justified in their act. . . . As in the famous Dreyfus case in France, so in the State of Washington, a great wrong has been done and the innocent party has suffered. . . . As a Legionnaire I wish to prevent the shrine of the American Legion from becoming the shame of the American Legion.

Meanwhile there are many other men in American prisons because they have taken an aggressive part in the labor struggle, and the Christmas season is an appropriate time to remember them. For those who have no labor friends in jail there are the silk strikers of Paterson, New Jersey, who have been fighting for eight weeks for the forty-four hour week in the silk industry and the recognition of their union. Christmas cheer may be addressed to them at Strike Relief Fund, Associated Silk Workers, 201 Market Street, Paterson, New Jersey.

ALTHOUGH PAXTON HIBBEN died while he was still a young man, his life held more of the life of the world in its compass than most long spans of years. His early experience in the diplomatic service led him into Russia—and later to Mexico, Holland, Chile, and other countries. From 1915 to 1917 he was a war correspondent in Europe. When America entered the war Hibben served in the field artillery and gained the rank of captain. He worked with the Near East Relief from 1920 to 1922, was attached to the military mission in Armenia, and finally took charge of the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children. His intense sympathy for Russia and his passionate belief that the Soviet Government should be recognized by the United States involved him in difficulties with the military authorities, who attempted to cancel his commission as captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps. Hibben fought the case through the hearings before a court of inquiry, and his commission was subsequently renewed. He also took part in the battle for justice for Sacco and Vanzetti. Recently, in addition to his public work, Paxton Hibben had been chiefly engaged with biographical writing. His outspoken life of Henry Ward Beecher, published in 1927, caused a hot controversy; at the time of his death he was deep in work on a closely documented book on William Jennings Bryan. A man with so many varied interests and self-imposed tasks, with such passion and eager intensity and unresting activity must necessarily wear his resources thin. His loss is a heavy one for everyone who knew and loved him and for those movements for human freedom which had come to count so surely upon his valor and fiery enthusiasm.

ELLERY SEDGWICK must have known that his sensational publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of letters and memoranda supposedly written by Abraham Lincoln would raise a storm. We have no desire to prejudice the case or do more than attempt to weigh the effect of conflicting testimony; but at this point in the discussion the group of experts who have risen up to call the letters forgeries seems to us impressive, while Mr. Sedgwick's replies have appeared ineffective by comparison. This proves nothing except, perhaps, that the editor of the *Atlantic* proceeded unwisely when he began publication of the documents without consulting all the available authorities; and also when he failed to mention Worthington Ford's preliminary judgment that the letters were fakes. So good a pilot as Ellery Sedgwick should not have set sail on such precarious seas without being absolutely certain.

LIQUOR IS GOING TO COST MORE in 1929, though there is no reason to believe that it will be any scarcer. The House has just voted, for dry-law enforcement, the largest appropriation in the history of the "noble experiment"—$32,000,000 to be spent by the same men who thus far have not really tried to enforce it. This means that the number of prohibition agents will be increased. This means that speakeasy proprietors will have to pay more and probably larger fees to keep the agents satisfied. This means that the customer will have to pay more for his drinks. Perhaps, if we make larger appropriations and appoint more agents every year, the cost of liquor may become so high that the drinking population will be reduced to the prohibition agents who get their drinks free. But by that time, granted our Republican prosperity endures, the majority of citizens will be prohibition agents and we shall have to begin all over again. Meanwhile recent Speakeasiana indicate that the show, which has already run nine years, is getting funnier every season. A speakeasy in New York City has just been closed—for violating the Board of Health rules concerning ventilation. In another establishment at three o'clock each morning the proprietor goes the rounds telling his patrons that it is closing time. When there are protests he says firmly: "The place closes at three o'clock. I gotta obey the curfew law." And he does. Stanley Glowka was arraigned in court last week on a charge of running a restaurant without a license. "It isn't a restaurant, Judge," said he. "It's only a speakeasy. I don't need a license for that." But the health officer who had arrested him said the place looked like a restaurant and Glowka was fined $5. May we now look to see the development of a distinctive speakeasy architecture to guard against raids?

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# Twenty-five Years of Flight

ON December 17, 1903, on a lonely sand dune along the coast of North Carolina an odd-looking contrivance bearing a man rose from the earth, soared through the air for some seconds, and then came safely to the ground again. After aspiring toward the feat from the infancy of the race man had at last learned to fly. Strange to say, the accomplishment of this dream was heralded with no burst of publicity. Wilbur and Orville Wright had purposely chosen one of the loneliest and most isolated spots in the country for their experiments, and newspaper correspondents were rigidly excluded from this first flying-field in America during the years when the Wright brothers were carrying on their momentous experiments. Only a few stray newspaper paragraphs, based on rumor, recorded the successful culmination of the long effort to fly in a heavier-than-air machine, nor was much heard of subsequent experiments for about five years. The American public remained incredulous and almost indifferent toward the achievement until the Wright brothers went to Paris and unimpeachable testimony came from there of the practical success which they had attained.

Looking back over the phenomenal progress since the flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, it seems incredible that only twenty-five years have intervened. In that brief time, and mostly in fact during the decade since the end of the World War, airplanes have crossed the Atlantic Ocean in both directions, circled over the North Pole, and spied out all the most remote spots of the globe. There is a criss-cross of mail and passenger lines in all directions; United States air-mail pilots flew 5,585,224 miles in the last fiscal year. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics has just reported an increase last year by 100 per cent in the number of airplanes produced for private ownership and operation. It would take a bold imagination, as we pause to celebrate the silver anniversary of the beginning of successful flight, to measure the progress that we may hope for in another quarter of a century. The United States, which has lagged behind Europe in the establishment of passenger air lines, is undoubtedly at the edge of a prodigious development in that direction, as also a great spread in the private use of airplanes for sport or utility. With this development will come an even greater need for regulation and control than in the case of the automobile, and it is to be hoped that a firm grip of the problem will not be postponed as long as in the case of the motor car.

One cloud in the sky of the silver anniversary of the airplane is the unhappy controversy between Wilbur Wright and the Smithsonian Institution over the legitimate place in flying history of Samuel Pierpont Langley. With their usual devotion to success American newspapers have been disposed to side strongly with Wilbur Wright, who undoubtedly was justified in resenting the original course of the Smithsonian Institution in its effort to exalt the reputation of its one-time chief. But under its present secretary, Charles G. Abbot, the Smithsonian Institution seems to have made an honest attempt to rectify past errors, and it is to be hoped that Wilbur Wright will eventually see his way to depositing in the National Museum at Washington the original Kitty Hawk airplane which in his resentment he turned over for exhibition purposes to the South Kensington Museum in London.

Langley was the pioneer American in the field of heavier-than-air flying, beginning his experiments as far back as 1887 and persisting in them until his death. All this in spite of public ridicule, which previous to twenty-five years ago was directed upon any one who essayed to fly in the same way that it is now turned upon the man who sets out to achieve perpetual motion. Langley actually flew model airplanes in 1896 and, having obtained a government appropriation of $50,000, undertook the construction of what he called an aerodrome. This was a kind of tandem airplane carrying one man, and two attempts to fly it were made in 1903, shortly before the Kitty Hawk flight of the Wright brothers. Both attempts failed because of faulty launchings, and the aerodrome fell into the Potomac River. Whether the machine would have flown if properly launched will never be known. In 1914 it was sent to the workshops of Glenn H. Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York, where it was reconstructed, admittedly changed somewhat, and then successfully flown, first with the original engine and later with an improved motor. Certain changes in the aerodrome were necessary because of a different method of launching. How material those changes were must, of course, remain a disputed question, but Joseph S. Ames, professor of physics at Johns Hopkins University, and Rear Admiral D. W. Taylor—whom the Smithsonian Institution asked to investigate the subject—stated it as their belief that the Langley machine "was capable of sustained flight had it been successfully launched."

The Smithsonian Institution has recently issued a small pamphlet on the Wright controversy in which it is set forth that too much has been claimed for Langley in various ways in the past and that it was unfortunate that the restoration of his machine was intrusted to Curtiss with whom the Wright interests were in litigation at the time in regard to patents. It is specifically admitted that the label originally placed beside the Langley machine in the National Museum at Washington was a mistake. This label read: "The first man-carrying aeroplane in the history of the world capable of sustained free flight. Invented, built, and tested over the Potomac River by Samuel Pierpont Langley in 1903. Successfully flown at Hammondsport, N. Y., June 2, 1914." In order to take the exhibit out of the range of controversy this label has new been changed to read simply:

LANGLEY AERODROME
THE ORIGINAL SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY FLYING MACHINE OF 1903, RESTORED
Deposited by
The Smithsonian Institution

Certainly the American public has no wish to belittle in the slightest degree the high and legitimate fame of the Wright brothers. On the other hand, it should protect the memory of Langley, who came close to his goal but failed to enter the Promised Land. It is desirable that the original Kitty Hawk airplane come back some day to the country where it first spread its wings, but it is more important still that history be recorded fairly.

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# Undemocratic Democracy

IT is good news which comes from Washington that a determined fight will be made this winter for a reapportionment of members of Congress. Of the many anomalies in our democracy, such as the lame-duck session of Congress and the obsolete Electoral College, the most notorious and inexcusable is the failure to reapportion the membership of Congress and of the Electoral College according to the census of 1920. Critics and fair-minded Congressmen have fought for eight years to force our Representatives to carry out the clear mandate of the Constitution that Congress should be reapportioned after each census. But what is the Constitution among Congressmen? The log-rolling, reactionary traders from the stagnant States have boasted that the reapportionment bill can pass only over their dead bodies. Accordingly we are still conducting Congressional and Presidential elections according to the census of 1910.

Many Americans who read of the apportionment scandal are inclined to yawn and ask: "What of it? What is one moron more or less in a Congress so stupid and corrupt that it cannot even revise its own system of seating legally?" This contempt of Congress created by its failure to reconstruct its own representation has at last got under the skins of a considerable number of Congressional leaders who are determined to filibuster, if necessary, until reapportionment is effected. They are supporting the Fenn bill which would reapportion Congress according to the census of 1930, taking effect in 1933, and automatically providing for reapportionment after every future decennial census. The Fenn bill wisely leaves the membership of the House at its present figure of 435—any larger number would make the already unwieldy body more cumbersome and incompetent.

Ideally we ought to give representation to the various States according to the number of voters rather than the number of persons who inhabit the State. This would give encouragement to voting and, incidentally, would punish the Southern States for their disfranchisement of the Negro. Kansas cast about six times as many votes in the election of 1924 as Mississippi, but these States have the same number of electoral votes and the same number of Congressmen. A South Carolina white man has seventeen times the voting power of a California white man, if we use the Presidential vote of 1924 as a measuring-rod. (South Carolina, which cast 50,751 votes, has nine men in Congress and nine electoral votes; California, which cast 1,281,778 votes, has thirteen men in Congress and thirteen electoral votes.) Some of these grotesqueries are due to the disfranchisement of Southern Negroes under a system which allows them to be counted as constituents, but very serious injustices can also be discovered in the distribution of voting power among white voters.

Since the census of 1910 great shifts have taken place in our population which are not accounted for under the present distribution of voting power. Millions who have moved from the country to the city have been virtually disfranchised because the increase in population of many metropolitan areas has not been taken into account. Detroit, for example, is still treated as a small city and so is Los Angeles. If the Fenn bill is passed, Michigan will get four more Congressmen and California six. Missouri will lose three, and Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, and Mississippi two each. Ohio will gain three, and Texas and New Jersey two.

William Starr Myers of Princeton, writing in the *North American Review* before election, pointed out that our failure to reapportion constituencies since the 1910 census could elect to the Presidency a candidate who had been a loser in the popular vote. This result, of course, would be possible under our electoral-college system even without any maladjustment in apportionment. A candidate who carried New York by 1,000 votes could afford to lose half a dozen minor States by a margin of many millions and still emerge as the winner in the Electoral College. What most citizens do not appreciate is the extent of the injustice under the present system of apportionment. Twenty-three men are sitting in Congress who have no moral right to be there, and twenty-three men who ought to be there are denied the right to represent constituencies. Stated in mathematical terms nearly 5,000,000 people have their votes underweighted in Congressional and Presidential elections.

Some Congressmen in this session have questioned the legality of a Congress which failed to carry out the specific command in the Constitution to reapportion after each census. Apparently there is little weight in this point because there is no power great enough to compel our lawmakers to obey the Constitution if they care to defy it. But the pressure of public opinion is becoming great enough to embarrass even the hard-boiled provincials who have held up reapportionment bills for many years. The Fenn bill has a chance of success. With it, we hope, will be coupled the Norris Constitutional amendment to abolish the lame-duck session of Congress and a provision for the direct election of Presidents.

# The *Post-Dispatch*

TO the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* go our warmest congratulations upon the fiftieth anniversary of its birth, an occasion deserving of notice by all interested in journalism, for the *Post-Dispatch* stands second to no other newspaper in this country as a liberal news-daily, free and unfettered, able to say what it thinks without fear or favor. That the New York *Times* prints a greater volume of news is true; in nearly every other respect it is inferior, especially in its editorial page. The *Sun* and the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore rank next to the *Post-Dispatch* in fearlessness, cleanliness, intelligent news-gathering, tolerance, liberalism, and keen editorial comment. All three are at the forefront of the all-too-short list of liberal dailies deeply imbued with the democratic spirit.

In commemoration of this event the *Post-Dispatch* has issued a remarkable anniversary number of more than 200 pages, with dozens of valuable contributions from leaders in the fields of public opinion, science, literature, international relations, etc. From the pen of Charles G. Ross, one of its able Washington correspondents, comes a history of the newspaper and its achievements. Well does he set forth that record with pride. The *Post-Dispatch* has repeatedly lived up to the highest duty that rests upon the press—

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that of exposing rascality in public office. For St. Louis it has done that repeatedly. It was one of the earliest dailies to support Senator La Follette in his first unveiling of the oil scandals. During the war hysteria it kept its head—or more nearly so than the rest of the press—and it was quick to demand the release of the war prisoners. To it go men and women who are waging the new-old fight for liberty in the United States with complete certainty that they will be received with sympathy and understanding. This is not only because it is intrenched in principle. It realizes also that there is no better way to uphold and demonstrate a principle than by taking up cases of individual justice or individual injustice. It has rendered no greater service than in driving from the federal bench Judge George W. English, who so thoroughly abused his powers that rather than face trial he resigned. The entire case against him was worked up by some brilliant members of its staff and printed with characteristic fearlessness.

Three men are responsible for the fine record of the *Post-Dispatch:* Joseph Pulitzer, the founder; Joseph Pulitzer, the son; and the present managing editor, Oliver K. Bovard. Mr. Pulitzer's great service to journalism, at first apparently a great menace because of his sensationalism and yellowness, we have often dwelt upon. His son has shown extraordinary wisdom in his own attitude toward the paper and especially in the freedom given to its editors. He has kept it true to his father's finest traditions. As for Mr. Bovard, he is not only a born journalist, a rarely able newsgatherer, an inspirer and leader of his fellow-workers, but also a thoroughgoing old-fashioned American liberal. We place him first in the list of newspaper executives in this country. The paper continues under his guidance to print admirably revealing correspondence from Washington. He keeps its news columns as full as they are clean. Best of all he is as ready to espouse an unpopular cause as a popular one. Altogether the *Post-Dispatch* proves that there is still opportunity in this country for a newspaper which refuses to stoop to the gutter, which puts its faith in the selling power of honest news and of a brave and fearless editorial page, declining to become merely the profitable servant of great capital.

We wish that it were possible to speak with similar enthusiasm and hopefulness of the other Pulitzer daily, the New York *World.* It is the only liberal newspaper, save the New York *Telegram,* left in the metropolis. It still champions liberal causes; it still sympathizes with the underdog; and it continues to have the only distinguished editorial page in Manhattan. It rejoices in some interesting features, but it is so far inferior to the *Post-Dispatch* and its chief rivals as a gatherer of news as to cause great alarm to its friends. Its circulation stands still, or recedes; it had on October 1, last, 14,000 readers fewer than on October 1, 1923, while the evening edition lost 22,099 readers in twelve months. During 1927 the morning *World* lost 2,209,955 agate lines of advertising as contrasted with 1926, and it has lost advertising in 1928. These are symptoms to cause profound anxiety to its supporters and admirers, and to give concern to those in charge of the policy of making the *World* what is called a "selective newspaper." The more recent successes of journalism have been built on the principle of printing as much news as could be crowded in. The *World* by no means prints all the news. We set down these facts, reluctantly, only because any mishap to the *World* would be a grave blow to American liberalism.

# The Lesson of the Vestris

**History holds no incidents, to my knowledge, to compare with the incompetence and sheer stupidity of this exhibition, and disagreeable as it is for me to hold this up to public view, I feel that my duty would not be complete if I were to attempt in any way to gloss over or in any other way minimize such incompetence at sea.**

THUS Captain E. P. Jessop, nautical expert for the United States Government, in his report on the sinking of the Vestris. This is not the opinion of a tyro, or of a publicity seeker. It is the considered conclusion of an experienced seafaring man.

Beginning with an improperly closed hatch, Captain Jessop calmly and quietly reports the steps that completed the tragedy of the Vestris. The seas that poured into the ship all day Sunday and caused her first to list alarmingly came through that hatch; later on when she was listing badly, other leaks occurred. The S O S should have been sent out not later than 4 a. m. Monday. (Captain Carey sent it at 9:58) Calls for ships to stand by should have been issued not later than midnight Sunday. With the ship leaking badly, only one pump was manned to expel the water. No attempt was made to cover coaling hatches on the upper deck until 3 p. m. Sunday, and then covering of canvas only was used. No general order was given to don life preservers. No boat drill had been held. No lifelines were run across the deck. No order was maintained in taking to the boats, and apparently the Captain stood by unprotesting while the women and children were loaded into the port boats on the high side of the ship, where they hung until the vessel foundered. Before a record like this Captain Jessop, and with him every follower of the sea and even every layman who possesses the ability to read and understand the English language, must throw up his hands in despair.

Captain Jessop's associate, Captain Henry McConkey, the British nautical expert, was more cautious in his findings. He preferred to suspend judgment on Captain Carey and his officers and to consider the cause of the disaster a mystery. In a sense he is quite right. For what happens to men when they lose command of themselves in an emergency is indeed a mystery.

One can only hope that out of this mysterious calamity will come something to prevent similar disasters. Captain Jessop recommends a more rigorous inspection of lifeboats, compulsory wireless for all ships, more careful examination and training for ship's officers, and, among other things, that owners be held responsible for competence of officers and crews. This brings us to Representative La Guardia, who would have the American shipping act of 1851 amended so that owners could be held fully accountable for lives or property lost on a sinking ship. The present act provides that owners are liable only to the extent of the value of the vessel saved. The Vestris was a total loss. Objections have been raised that suits for damages might totally bankrupt the ship-owners, particularly small shipping companies. Compulsory insurance for passengers has been suggested; certainly provisions should be made for the dependents of seamen, who are not at present protected under the Workman's Compensation Act. At the Conference on Safety of Life at Sea, to be held in London next spring, such problems must be faced.

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# It Seems to Heywood Broun

ST. JOHN ERVINE, dramatic critic of the New York *World*, states a most dangerous fallacy in a recent newspaper essay. However, in all fairness to Mr. Ervine it must be admitted that on many other occasions he has done much to disprove the axiom which he offers. "I happen," writes our English guest, "to be a European and, therefore, a civilized person."

Mr. Ervine may or may not be a civilized person. That issue is not entirely relevant, but it is nonsense to maintain that culture floats freely in any atmosphere to be had at the mere expense of breathing. Wisdom is granted only to such as take thought. It may descend, like the ravens of the Lord, even in the most unlikely places. The chief faults of America as I see them consist of an exaggerated arrogance coupled with a complement of forlorn humility. Many of us swagger confoundedly until challenged and then proceed to cringe most shamefully. If we could abate the strutting we might hold our heads higher in the face of frontal attack.

In elevating St. John Ervine to the seats of the mighty where judgments are passed upon the theatrical offerings of the season the *World* seems to have been seduced to some extent by the mere fact that here was an Englishman. To be sure, he had written two plays of considerable consequence and some novels not without merit. His reputation as a daily journalist was less securely founded and the *World* was seditious in so eagerly assuming that ignorance in this field was a matter of no moment. Mr. Ervine has been sharp in his criticism of those who approach the theater without the armor of proper craftsmanship. Yet he has failed signally in self-examination as to his own qualifications as a daily commentator upon the American drama. Surely there was nothing of humility in his approach to a job meriting the best in any man. It was his whim to compare the newspaper profession to the business of delivering ice, and in his own contribution to journalism Mr. Ervine has made that simile hold good, since it has been his practice to handle all things American with frigidity and tongs.

Moreover, it is my impression that this distinguished European has given a good deal less than honest weight. It was no fault of St. John Ervine's that he happened upon us in the middle of a season which bulks up below the average recently established. Still the land from which he came has not of late been blessed with any vast quantity of milk and honey within the portals of its playhouses. If the distinguished critic from London had scourged us with whips we might all have been irritated to our own advantage. Of course we could not have liked him in the least had he spit consistently upon our gabardine, but even so we might have admired his marksmanship. The crime of St. John Ervine is greater than this. He has tried to sting like a wasp and has merely succeeded in droning like a bee. Old-fashioned Southern hospitality should never be denied to any guest who speaks his mind in sincere asperity, but when a man manages to bound and bore with one and the same movement it does not seem amiss that a tired community should exclaim, "Go on Sinjun, get home, get home."

There is no point in my pretending that I am without prejudice in the matter although I must maintain that I am not aware of any personal commotion. My toes have not been touched in any personal controversy. But I am jealous of the honor of the newspaper business, and it was a profession of dignity and honor until so many visiting Englishmen rushed in. Always I am delighted when specialists from somewhat alien fields of literary endeavor condescend to stoop to daily hire and stumble even as they stoop. This has happened so regularly that one more failure would not be a sufficient occasion for bonfires and the tolling of chapel bells. Every working newspaperman knows what to expect when the editor hires some recluse to report the World's Series, or the Dayton Flood, or the heavyweight championship. With singularly few exceptions the outsider has fallen down and been shoved aside in favor of the regular correspondent.

Admittedly, then, I am all for the reporter and against the amateur whether he comes from Bombay or Britain. But St. John Ervine has violated a code precious to the craft and sound enough in principle to enlist the support even of those who are not steeped in the tradition. We hold that no reporter should ever employ the columns of a newspaper to vent a spite which is purely personal in its causation.

When Mr. Ervine was first appointed a guest critic of the *World* that paper conducted a symposium among theatrical people as to the wisdom of this move. Naturally the replies were almost unanimously laudatory. This was a step which would lend strength and dignity to an art fallen into decay. St. John Ervine was hailed as the real McCoy and so on. One lone, large figure stood out against the tumult and the shouting. Mr. Philip Goodman, a producer of musical plays, said "No." He asserted that it seemed to him a ridiculous appointment and that the distinguished Englishman would prove in no way fitted for his task.

Whether this was second sight on the part of Mr. Goodman or the echo of some earlier row I do not know. At any rate the *World* printed his unfavorable opinion in its columns without comment and without change. Some weeks went by before it became Mr. Ervine's duty to sit in judgment upon any play sponsored by Mr. Goodman. Finally a musical show called "Rainbow" was brought in for inspection and St. John Ervine did not absent himself. He avoided the obvious and unspeakable revenge of taking out his irritation upon the show itself. He was able to moderate his enthusiasm which may have been no more than just, but he did make use of the occasion to deliver a flank attack upon Philip Goodman. The producer is a man of huge proportions and this served to inspire the critic to a number of digressions about Mr. Goodman's fearful appetite. No attempt was made to relate these observations to "Rainbow." It is hard to see just what Mr. Goodman's taste in food has to do with his preferences in book and lyrics. When the first edition of the *World* appeared Philip Goodman made a complaint about this extraneous material and it was deleted from subsequent editions.

Such American newspapermen as are lacking in European training may be barbarians, but we do possess strange native customs which even a civilized visitor should respect. That is our whim.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# What's Wrong with *The Nation?*

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

[*Mr. Mencken's article, What's Wrong With* The Nation, *which appeared in the issue of November 21, has inspired several interesting answers, of which Mr. Jones's is the first. Others will appear in subsequent issues.*]

MR. MENCKEN does not in the least know what's wrong with *The Nation.* As a matter of fact there is not a thing wrong with it. Its editorials are firmly written, its reviews cut deep, and its criticism is well done. The only difficulty about *The Nation* is just that. Like a good sermon, it must by definition reach only the people who do not need it.

Consider, for example, its circulation. It never advances beyond a certain number which I will leave to the editors to supply. The country increases in size, issues flare up and die away, controversies engage the public mind, and the liberal magazines of opinion go into a new year with what the two black crows call a certain sum, and they come out of the year with the same amount. It may be a few thousand more or a few thousand less, but in the long run the subscribers remain about constant.*

In the meantime the reading public over the country increases. They take on book-of-the-month clubs without number (incidentally they read very good books); they support a vast variety of newspapers, often of considerable independence in editorial policy; and in these newspapers they read articles not a whit more difficult to understand than the articles in *The Nation.* The tide rises, the tide falls, and its circulation remains about the same. Indeed, whatever its absolute rise in circulation over the last ten years may be, I'll bet that in proportion to the total available public intelligent enough to follow its lucubrations its circulation is really decreasing.

What is the difficulty? What *The Nation* is not, is a national magazine. What it is is a New York magazine.

Consider, on the other hand, that admirable business enterprise, the *Saturday Evening Post.* It has a policy as definite as *The Nation's* policy, and it is a policy to which no liberal can give his support. It offers a vast variety of fictional entertainment for five cents; and this of course *The Nation* cannot do. Interspersed among the stories are shrewdly built special articles calculated to put over the economic views which its proprietors stand for, these in turn backed up by admirable editorials—not as good as they used to be, but still very good. Its fictional appeal aside, the *Saturday Evening Post* is trying to do what *The Nation* is trying to do: convert a vast number of people to an economic doctrine. Unlike *The Nation,* it is succeeding.

The obvious retort that the *Saturday Evening Post* appeals because of its fiction is beside the point. There are plenty of fiction magazines without economic propaganda, but the public continues to buy the *Post.* Why? The *Saturday Evening Post* is a national magazine.

Its editors never forget that the fact of the *Post's* being edited from Philadelphia is a geographical accident. The truth is that the editorial offices of the *Post* are not anywhere in particular. You can read its propaganda without knowing whether it emanates from Philadelphia or San Francisco. Its special articles, read in Los Angeles, seem to have been written in Los Angeles; read in Tampa, they fit without sense of difference into Tampa; they are the same in Chicago as they are in Laramie.

Consider now *The Nation.* It is not a national magazine. It emanates from New York, not only physically but mentally. Issue after issue shrieks at you that it has come out of New York. Its editors survey the country from New York. Its book reviewers either live in New York, or, when they do not, they write as if they did. It reviews New York plays. It carries New York advertisements. Its whole lingo is strange and foreign anywhere outside of New York.

Now the great popular mind is suspicious of New York. It has had its maiden aunt from Sioux City, Iowa, held up to ridicule just once too often. It has had the glories of New York architecture, the dreadfulness of Wall Street, the sophistication of Harlem, Greenwich Village, and the Algonquin Hotel told just too many times. New York is a foreign country which you visit for amusement, and a place which you visit for amusement is not the place whose leadership you are going seriously to accept.

Moreover, this attitude of mind is not characteristic of the mentally unwashed alone. It extends to the provincial leaders, educational, political, religious, commercial, which *The Nation* wants to reach and is not reaching. If the New-Yorkism of *The Nation* gives it detachment, it also gives it aloofness, and when you are struggling to advance the cause of educational progress in the Bible belt, or when you are endeavoring to secure a better tax system in Gopher Prairie, you may go to New York to secure the munitions of war from some of the educational foundations to whom yours is merely another case on their crowded docket, or you may carry your tale of woe to the editor of a liberal magazine to whom it is merely another instance of human folly, but in neither event are you going to take home with you the conviction that the New York expert or editor is the sort of fellow whom you could put on the local newspaper to write editorials for you. The editors of *The Nation* sit, like the gods in Lucretius, aloof and impartial, but you don't invite the gods to breakfast. The fact that the editorial offices of *The Nation* are in New York is not a geographical accident, it is a state of mind.

Contemplate, on the other hand, Mr. William Allen White. Mr. White battles for many of the things *The Nation* battles for, and if they disagree violently on other matters, yet their general outlook is not dissimilar. The country takes Mr. White (relatively speaking) to its bosom. Mr. White, I believe, is permanently at home in Emporia, Kansas, but he would be just as much at home in Minneapolis or Denver or Montpelier, Vermont, or (after a period of incubation) Charleston, South Carolina. The only place that Mr. White might not feel at home, I suspect, is in New York, considered as a state of mind. And this is not because Mr. White writes down to the folks or because he is temperamentally a more sympathetic or a less highbrow man than the editors of *The Nation;* the fundamental fact is

* Mr. Jones errs here; it is interesting to note that in the last fifteen months *The Nation's* circulation has increased 33 1/3 per cent.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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that, like the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. White instinctively takes a position nowhere in particular. He is in a national state of mind.

It do not believe it is necessary to transplant *The Nation* physically from New York to, let us say, Sioux City, Iowa. I think, however, *The Nation* would get farther if it transplanted its mind to Sioux City, Iowa, and then in rapid succession to Billings, Montana, Fort Scott, Kansas, the University of Texas, a plantation in Virginia, the Open Forum in Sante Fe, a Cleveland steel mill, and a Nebraska church, and then, thoroughly dizzy from its revolution, come to rest in no particular spot at all.

You cannot edit a national liberal weekly by living in New York and making occasional raids into the rest of the country. The rest of the country lives where it lives and makes occasional raids on New York.

# Hope for Progressives

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

NOW since the country has somewhat settled down from the excitement of the recent campaign, it is well to consider conditions that confront us all as a result of the election. It is our duty, of course, to accept the results even though we may be in some respects very much dissatisfied with them. No true progressive can yield the fundamental principles in which he believes merely because of temporary victory or defeat. However, it must be recognized that we can never make these principles effective if we conceal from ourselves the conditions under which we must work and the obstacles we must overcome.

I feel that in so far as genuine fundamental principles were given any consideration in that part of the campaign relating to the Presidential contest, the country has taken a backward step. Progressive principles, so far as the election of a President is concerned, have met with a temporary defeat. And yet I believe that a great majority of our people are truly progressive and at heart believe in the principles for which the progressive group has fought.

It is the source of a great deal of satisfaction that there was more independent voting in the recent election than in any national election that has ever taken place, and to the believer in honest, popular government this is a great comfort. It is to the independent voter and the independent thinker that civilization owes most of the advancement which it has made. There was more scratching of tickets in this election than ever took place before.

The result of this has been that the progressives in the legislative part of the election contest have really won a great victory. While voters by the million permitted themselves, in the Presidential part of the contest, to follow their religious prejudice and to settle the election, so far as the President was concerned, on this issue, they made no such mistake when it came to voting for Senators. Some of the States which elected Democratic progressive Senators went overwhelmingly for the Republican candidate for President. Some of these progressive Senators were Democrats, some were Republicans, some were Wet, some were Dry, some were Protestants, and some were Catholics, but their constituencies, while permitting their Presidential vote to be settled by religion or prohibition, paid no attention to these imaginary issues when it came to voting for Senator.

The people, however, have added to the difficulties of this progressive group. In their various contests in the Senate they have always been compelled to meet the opposition of the Administration forces. For eight years the occupant of the White House has used the power of his great office to block the pathway that they have attempted to travel and it looks now as though the country has decided that at least for four years more this same impediment shall stand in the way of legislative progress.

These progressive members are going to be handicapped by the claim, already being made, that the things for which they have stood have been adversely decided by the people in the settlement of the Presidential election. The great power trust has taken on new life. It is claiming now that its unpatriotic conduct in its attempt to control, by false propaganda, all avenues of human activity, so well disclosed by the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission, has been approved by the vote of a majority of the people themselves in their election of Mr. Hoover. The trust is claiming now that the fight made to save Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam has been condemned, as shown by the enormous majority by which Mr. Hoover was elected President. Those who believe in our un-Christian and ungodly warfare upon Nicaragua and other weak, Central-American nations are now claiming that the use of our army and navy for these purposes has been beyond question approved by the American people. The standpat group of self-appointed alleged leaders who succeeded in defeating the "Lame Duck" amendment to the Constitution are laughing in glee at what they claim to be the death-blow administered to that amendment at the polls. Those who have favored the seating of Mr. Vare and Insull's man from Illinois in the Senate of the United States are pointing to the result of the recent election as a vindication of their conduct. The special interests which have fought ever since the war against giving agriculture any relief from the dire distress in which it has been floundering are pointing to the result of the election throughout the great agricultural West as a condemnation of those Senators who have been valiantly battling for farm relief.

The machine politician, the political boss, the representatives of monopoly, always asking for special legislation, are—one and all—vociferously claiming a great victory.

On the face of the returns and so far as the Presidential part of the contest is concerned, I think it must be admitted that there is some reason for this rejoicing and some foundation for the claims which these machines and bosses make. However, a close analysis of the entire election returns by the critical mind will, to a great extent at least, refute these unwarranted claims. The victory of progressive Senators is the answer.

In Wisconsin we find the progressive La Follette reelected by 400,000 majority, while Mr. Hoover swept the State by almost 100,000. La Follette repudiated the platform on which Mr. Hoover carried the State. If you say that Hoover won Wisconsin on the prohibition issue, then

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how can you explain that the State went for La Follette, an anti-prohibitionist, by more than four times the majority received by Mr. Hoover? It must be realized also that Senator La Follette was bitterly fought by the Wisconsin managers of the Hoover campaign. The standpat Republican Hoover machine even went so far as to bolt the result of the Republican primary and put an independent candidate in the field. It denounced La Follette from every stump and the standpat press turned heaven and earth to secure votes against him.

In Montana, although the head of the Republican ticket carried the State by a crushing majority, the same citizens who gave this majority also gave a similar one to the progressive Senator Wheeler, running on the Democratic ticket, who repeatedly denounced the policies advocated by Mr. Hoover. It must be remembered that there, also, the machine, the so-called leaders, and an almost unanimous press were backing Mr. Hoover and fighting Senator Wheeler.

In Washington the same condition existed and while in that ordinarily Republican State they gave a majority to Mr. Hoover, on the same ballot they voted for Senator Dill, a Democrat, who stood on a platform not only of opposition but of condemnation of the Hoover policies.

In Arizona the religious prejudice was sufficient to give the State to Hoover by a large majority, and yet the people thought so much of progressive principles that, notwithstanding this religious prejudice, they reelected Senator Ashurst in spite of the fact that he is a Catholic.

In the rock-ribbed Republican State of Minnesota we have another illustration that the voters desired to give their approval to the fight that has been made by the little progressive group in the Senate. They gave the State to Hoover by a sweeping majority and at the same time reelected Senator Shipstead, who was running independent of both great parties, by a majority of over 300,000.

And so we might go on, but we will always find that the rank and file of the American citizenship were extremely anxious to give their approval to the principles for which the group of progressive Senators, regardless of politics, have been working and fighting. They believed so firmly in these principles that they did not permit the question of prohibition or the question of religion to influence their conclusions. It is true, as I have said, that this group have had their burdens increased in the fight which they must continue, but, through it all, they can clearly see that their work has been approved by the American people.

It may be and, in my judgment, it is inconsistent and perhaps illogical to reelect these progressive Senators to carry on their fight in favor of the governmental principles for which they have stood and at the same time elect a President who, in his official capacity, will perhaps be able to nullify every governmental step these Senators will take. But that is one of the inconsistent and irreconcilable difficulties of our complex electoral system.

In contests for seats in the House of Representatives candidates of the progressive type, whether Democratic or Republican, were either reelected or ran so far ahead of their tickets as to show the progressive sentiment of their districts with unmistakable certainty. The Republican landslide carried some of them to defeat, but in every such case it will be found upon looking over the record that the progressive candidate, even if defeated, ran so far ahead of his ticket as to constitute almost a condemnation of his successful opponent.

To sum up, it can fairly be stated that the progressive cause has been given a complete indorsement. This group in the Senate have been maintained and encouraged by a fresh indorsement from their constituents. The members of this group did not owe their victory to any single political party or organization. They won their seats on records of opposition to the standpat policies of the Harding-Coolidge Administration, on independent, constructive action in Congress, and on specific pledges to adhere to the policies upon which the indorsement was won. This group thus remains a nucleus for the millions of progressives throughout the country who are not content to intrust their government to machine-ridden parties and monopoly-controlled bosses.

Progressives have no personal ill-will against the President-elect, and this group in the Senate will ardently support the Administration in every instance where they believe it is right. They will criticize constructively if they think criticism is due, and they will do this without fear or favor in every case in which they believe such policies to be wrong. In this respect they will give to the new Administration the same respect, the same accord that they would have given to Governor Smith had he been elected.

Neither have progressives a single feeling of unkindliness against any man or woman who supported Mr. Hoover, believing that prohibition was the all-important issue. Such voters have a perfect right to their opinions and their judgment. They have a right to it without being criticized for having it. I, of course, do not agree with them. Personally, I believe the greatest single element entering into the overwhelming victory of Mr. Hoover was religion. Religious prejudice is at once the bitterest and the most unreasonable prejudice that ever took possession of the human heart. It never should have been given any consideration in the election. It never should have entered into the contest. The special interests, the power trust, the machine politicians, while they concealed their identity, nevertheless kept this issue to the front. They knew it was a false issue. They knew it was a wicked and unfair issue. But with remarkable perseverance, always concealing their activities, they aroused the religious hatred and animosities which sometimes control men's reason and judgment. They have sown the seeds of hatred in millions of human hearts and they will bear fruit long after the present generation shall have passed away. While the people were quarreling over a false issue they were industriously licking the platter clean and they are already claiming that the result is a complete vindication of their advocacy of turning over the natural resources of the country to monopoly and greed. For the good of our common country and for the advancement of Christian civilization, I believe that the man or woman whose vote was controlled by the religious issue was taking a course that will be detrimental to the future happiness and advancement of our people; and yet I frankly admit that a voter has a right, if he so desires, to make his decision entirely upon religious grounds in the casting of his ballot. I would not take away this right if I could. Every voter should decide for himself, according to the dictates of his own individual conscience, how he should vote, and he must be protected to the limit in carrying out this decision. Only in this way can we in the aggregate reach the highest ideals of a representative democracy, and when it is all over, whatever may be the verdict, every lover of liberty and justice, every believer in our form of government must accept the result as final.

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# Japan Fights for Manchuria

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

[*The last of three articles by Mr. Millard. The other two appeared in the issues of December 5 and 12 respectively. Mr. Shigeyoshi Obata, correspondent of the Osaka* Mainichi, *will present the Japanese attitude toward Manchuria in an article appearing in the issue of January 2, 1929.*]

*Shanghai, October 8*

THE Chinese are much less concerned about making a new commercial treaty with Japan than about whether Japan intends to "grab" Shantung and Manchuria. Japan's position in those regions now is tantamount to armed occupation. In Shantung and South Manchuria Japan's will is the sovereign power. China's authority is only a shadow. If conditions stay as they are a large piece of China's territory will pass under Japan's rule.

Manchuria is composed of three provinces—Shengking, Kirin, and Heilungkiang. Their combined area is 354,000 square miles; almost exactly the same as the States of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas together. Manchuria lies in the same latitude as those States and has much the same climate, soil, and topography. It is a rich, healthful, and beautiful country as yet only partly developed.

Manchuria is peopled by about 22,000,000 Chinese, fewer than 100,000 Japanese (including Koreans), close to 100,000 Russians, and a few hundred other foreigners. The Japanese, Russians, and other foreigners are mostly concentrated in the larger towns. The wealth of Manchuria at present and in prospect depends fundamentally on the Chinese, who are rapidly settling on the land and opening new areas of production. Nearly a million Chinese emigrated to Manchuria in 1927.

A railway map of Manchuria presents the skeleton over which international diplomacy and intrigue spread their plans. Russia began it back in 1895 when Count Witte realized that his country's future lay eastward and launched what in those times was a colossal undertaking, the Siberia Railway, to open a path to the Pacific Ocean. Witte made a deal with Li Hung Chang, who felt the advantages to China of closer communication with Russia and Europe, whereby the railway could pass across Manchuria to Vladivostok, shortening the line several hundred miles.

That part of the railway in China's territory had a special status. It was a joint Chinese and Russian concern and was named the Chinese Eastern Railway. Later, when with the help of France and Germany, Russia artfully evicted Japan from the Liao-tung (which Japan took from China during the China-Japan war), Witte got a lease of Port Arthur, and the Chinese Eastern Railway was built from Harbin to that ice-free port in the Gulf of Chihli.

When by the peace terms of 1905 Japan took over the southern end of the Chinese Eastern Railway (now the South Manchuria Railway) the situation took a new turn. The Chinese made that first agreement for the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway willingly. They were hesitant about the southward extension and the Port Arthur lease, but Li Hung Chang wanted Russia as a stand-off to Japan. From a time prior to the Russo-Japan war and for years thereafter China was a pawn in the game.

In its advance into Manchuria from Korea by way of Antung the Japanese army built a light railway as it moved along. After the war Japan reconstructed that light railway into a standard-gauge line that is now part of the Japanese railway system linking Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. The Chinese objected but, as in many other matters, had to give way. Japan acquired from Russia the "stub" from the main line to Newchwang.

By that time Peking was alarmed at the trend of Japanese and Russian policy in Manchuria and sought a counterweight. That led to an agreement, obtained by the late Willard Straight, for American capitalists to build, for China, a railway from Chinchow in southwestern Shengking Province to Aigun on the Amur River, a distance of about 900 miles. Such a line connecting directly with the railway system of China would have broken up Russo-Japan control of the Eastern provinces. About that time Philander C. Knox, then American Secretary of State, moved to break the Russo-Japan grip in Manchuria and to restore the "open door" there by proposing that all railways in that region should be neutralized and consolidated under international administration until China could pay for them.

The Knox neutralization proposal was made late in 1909 and it created a sensation. Japan and Russia, lately at war against each other, at once combined to keep American interests out of Manchuria, and those governments, by means of a ring of secret agreements among the Powers, got Great Britain and France to join them to intimidate Peking. That opposition killed the Chinchow-Aigun railway project and it was not until some time afterward that the State Department learned how the trick was turned. At Peking in 1910 I obtained texts of the notes of the British, French, Russian, and Japanese governments to the Wai Chiao-pu (Peking Foreign Office) and published them. Mr. Knox told me afterward that that was the first positive knowledge he had of what was done to kill his plan to end the international struggle for advantage in Manchuria.

If Mr. Knox were alive today he probably would smile to see how the Chinese, twenty years later, have outwitted and outfinessed the Japanese and Russian opposition and have built the Chinchow-Aigun Railway to a point where it touches the east-west line of the Chinese Eastern Railway. This new line is not, of course, named the Chinchow-Aigun Railway. It is composed of several short lines built at different times and having different names.

For many years after the Russo-Japan war Japan opposed and defeated every effort of the Chinese to build railways in Manchuria. The Twenty-One Demands provided that China should not build any railways in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia without previously consulting Japan and that China must use Japanese capital. But when, at the Washington Conference, the Twenty-One Demands and the treaties based on them fell under international disapproval, "spheres of influence" were renounced and secret agreements denounced, and Manchuria was formally recognized as an integral part of China's territory, Japan modified her attitude. The Chinese thereafter were permitted to build a number of short lines, all connecting, however, with the

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South Manchuria Railway. Japan helped to finance some of those lines, for they "feed" the Japanese trunk line. Japanese tried to get an agreement that traffic on those Chinese lines should be routed to Dairen, which meant that the South Manchuria Railway would get the major part of the land haul and Japanese ships would get the major part of the water haul. To that Chang Tso-lin would not agree, although strong pressure was put to make him consent.

The Chinese, on their own, began to connect the "spur" lines with each other and those connections will make it possible to go by train from China to Europe, or to Vladivostok, without touching a Japanese line anywhere. In that oblique way the thought back of the old Chinchow-Aigun project is being realized.

Japan does not like that at all, but the way conditions have been since the Washington Conference, it has been difficult for her to prevent those developments. Chang Tso-lin and other high Chinese officials in Manchuria had become unruly in those matters. The railway situation probably more than any other matter caused Tokyo to return to a "firm" policy vis-a-vis China and to an aggressive policy in Manchuria.

Japan's policy is to "preserve peace" in China, and whenever anything that is likely to disturb the peace here is discerned by Tokyo's watchful eye then something has to be done about it. Tokyo foresaw that peace would be endangered in Shantung and sent troops to occupy that province. Tokyo foresaw that peace would be endangered in the Tientsin-Peking region and sent troops there. Tokyo foresaw that peace might be endangered in Manchuria and sent troops there. Tokyo foresaw danger to peace away off on the Mongolia-Manchuria border, and, as Premier Tanaka is quoted by Japanese newspapers, "fears that complications will arise between China and Russia from the Hulunbor incident, and in such a contingency Japan must take proper and effectual steps for the maintenance of peace in the three Eastern provinces in view of Japan's declaration some time ago in regard to the preservation of peace in Manchuria."

In short, Japan's purpose evidently is to set up in Manchuria a puppet Chinese government behind which Japan will rule that country until a time comes when it can be annexed without opposition from other Powers. That is not an imaginary or trumped-up accusation. The project is spread plainly in the Japanese press and Japan's propaganda organs in China day after day. It often gets confirmation from utterances of responsible Japanese officials. General Fukishi, who accompanied Baron Hayashi to Mukden when the latter gave the second warning to the Manchuria Government not to join the Chinese National Government, said on returning to Japan: "Manchuria is Japan's daughter and our first line of defense."

Defense against what or whom? China and Russia evidently. Manchuria would not be much of a defense, let us say, against Great Britain or America. Such utterances, taken with conditions that exist in Manchuria, forecast events rather plainly. Military observers believe that Japan was more than willing for Chang Tso-lin to squander money in building the huge Mukden arsenal because Japan expects to find use for it. Those observers regard the South Manchuria Railway system of hotels as a camouflaged chain of military hospitals, with the immense new hospital at Dairen as a base. Military experts regard the railways in Manchuria that connect with the Japanese lines in Korea as providing a way to bring large numbers of Japanese troops quickly into Manchuria and to supply them on the Siberia border. If war comes with Russia, Japan, so the military experts think, plans to have the first battle line on that frontier. The Russians are not oblivious to what this situation and Japan's "firm" policy toward China connote. They regard it as the Japanese military oligarchy's last magnificent gesture to stave off a revolution in Japan.

In Manchuria one can perceive another great war in the making. I venture the opinion that when, and if, it comes, the other principal Pacific Ocean Powers will be drawn into that war before it ends.

# It Costs Money to Die

By PAUL BLANSHARD

AMONG certain ancient tribes it was the custom to throw upon the funeral pyre the clothing, jewelry, and money belonging to the deceased. Occasionally a widow or a slave was thrown in for good measure. We in the United States do nothing so foolish. We merely throw into the grave annually several hundred million dollars. We throw it in in the form of bronze caskets, flowers, stone cases, silk paddings, gold handles, and mausoleums.

The corpse does not know the difference. Most of the American people if asked individually whether or not they wanted an ostentatious funeral would reply that they cared nothing whatever about what happened to their bodies after death. Yet the extravagant funeral is always with us. In fact, the United States has the most extravagant funeral practices in all history and they seem to be getting more costly every year. The prodigious waste and suffering wrought by our funeral customs are set forth in a study recently published by Putnams* and written by John C. Gebhart after a thorough investigation which was financed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Consumers of caskets ought to study this book—and, in this particular, every citizen is an ultimate consumer. Mr. Gebhart follows up and completes the research begun by earlier writers including Quincy L. Dowd and Frederick Hoffman.

A funeral could be had in the United States before the Civil War for $25. Gebhart prints the bill of a Boston funeral in 1829 for $8. A funeral today for a Boston citizen of the same class would probably cost $400. Between the $8 bill and the $400 bill there is the difference of a century, face veils, limousines, professional pall-bearers, metal caskets, cast-stone vaults, chapel palms, newspaper notices, and morticians. But the greatest of these is the mortician. One cannot study the development of American funeral customs without being forced to the conclusion that the mortician is the bird of prey in the whole funeral system. He is a very suave bird whose claws are concealed by the rev-

* "Funeral Costs." $3.50.

(Continued on page 686)

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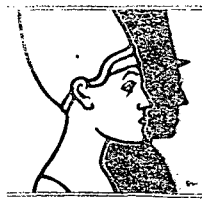

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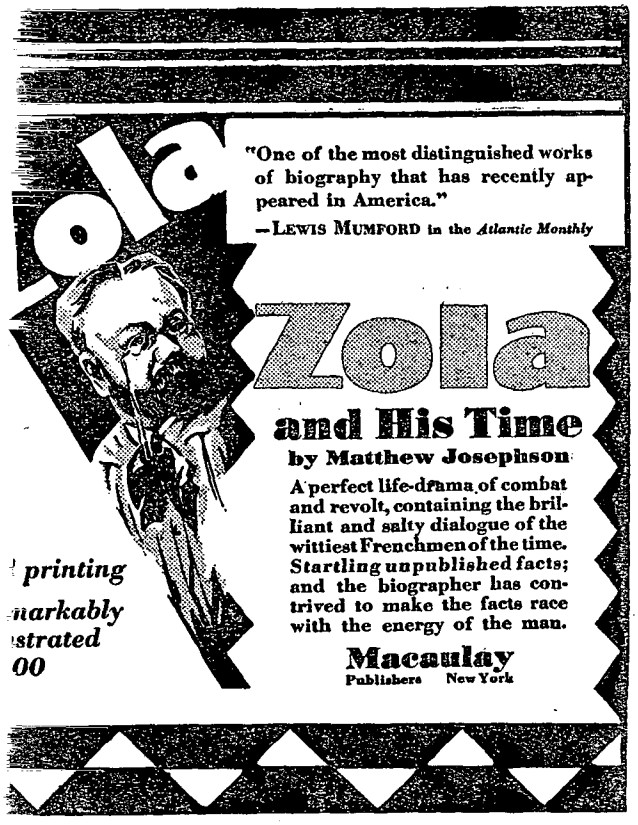
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erential padding and plumage that surround the grim economics of death.

Not that the mortician is a fiend. He is an American business man operating in a field where the normal safeguards of competitive commerce break down. His customers are numb with grief or confused by inexperience. By tradition they cannot resort to the coquetry of the bargain counter; they cannot shop for cheaper caskets. They deliver themselves to the undertaker as to a friend, or the friend of a friend or a man who has a nice voice, or is a member of the Elks, or a deacon in the same church. One of the reasons why the casket customer gives himself so unquestioningly into the hands of the mortician is that there is no accepted and well-advertised bargain counter to which he can go. The funeral industry is like the retail trade of this country before the rise of the great department store and the chain nickelorium. Every city is cursed with too many corner undertakers who are expensive and inefficient, and there are too few competitive consolidations of morticians who practice mass production.

Supersalesmanship applies its pressure at the point of family pride when sales resistance is subnormal. I treasure as one of my choicest Americana the speech of Clifford Askin, an Indianapolis undertaker, before the morticians of Tennessee, as reported in the July *Southern Funeral Director*.

> I wonder [said Mr. Askin] when your friend's son or daughter gets married if you are the first to drop by and offer to furnish chairs for the party or wedding, or do you wait until he calls you up over the phone or comes to see you? We are losing an opportunity if we happen to meet him on the street and do not offer him our chairs or call him on the phone. That is service.
>
> When you send a funeral out of your town or city and they are coming back on the train this afternoon or 8 o'clock in the morning, are you at the train to meet them when they come back and carry them to their homes? No, you say, their friends will meet them, that is sufficient. That is sufficient as far as transportation is concerned, but are you losing an opportunity to manifest personal interest and perhaps a personal service? . . .
>
> Are you mailing out to the friend or the family a card after the funeral giving the section or number and the grave number and the lot number, stating if there are other members of the family who would like the small card, you would be glad to furnish on request? Well, you are not—and if you are not you are losing an opportunity for service and an opportunity for contact with that family.

Much could be accomplished toward cheapening funerals by the leaders of the industry itself if they would pass from this personal and individual stage of merchandising to large-scale standardization and selling. Mr. Gebhart hopes that the funeral industry will thus reform itself from within and he points to the newly organized Funeral Service Bureau of America which has taken up the problem of cooperating to reduce costs among a few powerful firms. This optimism seems scarcely justified. Far better would be a development in America of the municipal funeral system of Europe which Mr. Gebhart describes.

Frankfort, for example, has only one private undertaker, and he is of no importance. Virtually every citizen who dies is buried by the Municipal Burial Office and practically the same kind of funeral is provided for everyone. But the family of the poor man pays less than the family of the rich man because the charge is levied in proportion to income. For a complete funeral including casket, transportation, burial robe, and grave the charge is not more than 3 per cent of the annual income for an adult and three-quarters of 1 per cent for a child under one year. But the maximum charge is $57.12. So Frankfort achieves democracy in death. Many other continental cities have similar socialization of funerals, but most of them do not insist upon the same grade of funeral for all citizens. The Municipal Burial Office of Vienna has eight classes of funerals ranging up to $300. Cologne's cheapest funeral is $19.04.

Compare with these figures the cost of the average American funeral! Rich families in America commonly spend several thousand dollars on a funeral. They make the occasion an exhibition of conspicuous economic success—and the poor imitate them. Italian widows in New York who are so poor that they receive pensions from the New York Board of Child Welfare still manage to spend an average of $421 to bury the husband and father. That is more than half of their total net assets and usually it comes out of insurance which they have skimped to pay. The average net funeral bill of probated estates in New York County is $772.

The most inexcusable item in these average bills is the item on which the undertaker subsists, the charge for the casket. I have found by investigation that a reasonably dignified and beautiful casket can be made for $15. The average mortician unites with the casket manufacturer in pawning off on the bereaved customer a casket which is worth perhaps two or three times that amount for $500 to $5,000.

Some people wonder why the problem of funeral costs cannot be solved by cremation. Cremation is probably a good thing in itself but it does not at the present time afford an escape from expense. A casket is required by custom before cremation just as it is required before burial, and the cost of cremation is still high. Gebhart says concerning crematory costs: "Some urns sell for as much as $1,500, while the average rental of columbarium space is probably no cheaper than the ordinary grave and family plots." Undertakers commonly sell expensive caskets to customers for use before cremation and then strip the caskets of the costliest trappings before incineration.

Why cremation should cost as much as it does is not altogether clear. The growing popularity of the custom may ultimately reduce charges. Meanwhile cremation is saving for the use of the living a considerable amount of valuable land near our great cities which would otherwise be dedicated to the dead. If all our dead were cremated we would save at least 22,000 acres of such land every year.

The development of municipal funeral bureaus in America would be the sanest and most obvious answer to the problem of funeral costs, but there are few cities in America progressive enough to fight private-ownership propaganda successfully. The gestures toward cheaper funerals by funeral directors' associations will probably be nothing more than gestures unless the present price level of the industry is challenged from the outside. Perhaps the wisest step in the direction of relief would be the formation of a limited dividend corporation headed by philanthropic citizens which attempted to market funerals and funeral paraphernalia at civilized prices. Considering the toll of suffering and exploitation among the poor because of the present system of profiteering it is strange that no such experiment has been tried on a large scale.

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# In the Driftway

EXCHANGE professorships are all right in their way, but why stop there? Why not exchange editorships? An editor is as exchangeable as a professor provided he is presented in undamaged condition with the original price slip in the package. Of course it may be argued that editors never are in undamaged condition, while professors —are sometimes. But since the revelations before the Federal Trade Commission in regard to power propaganda in the colleges, professors have little to brag about.

* * * * *

THE Carnegie Foundation for Something or Other (the Drifter has forgotten exactly what) recently brought a large party of English journalists to this continent on a junket. It was intended to promote international understanding and all that sort of thing, you know. Maybe it did promote international understanding, but it certainly did not promote individual understanding. Nobody in the party had a chance to see anything of America other than what he could observe through the bottom of a tumbler or across a plate of gumbo soup. The Britishers were breakfasted, and lunched, and tea'd, and dinnered until they could no longer look at a joint of roast chicken or a biscuit tortoni without a shudder. In some places they were made to drink twice as much as they were in the habit of consuming at home (British journalists are no slouches in that direction, take it from the Drifter), and in all cases they had to talk and be talked to ten times as much as was good for them. The members of this party were so busy having the country shown to them that they could have had no time to see any of it for themselves, and working journalists over here had no time to see them. It is hard to conceive that any one carried away an impression of the continent other than a row of cutlery to his right and left, a meal prepared by a European chef in front of him, and a waiter behind him who kept filling his glass with ice.

* * * * *

HOW much better it would be to send the members of such a party over one at a time, or each to a different place, and let them at least go through the motions of working for a living while on their visit. In order to demonstrate the soundness of his theory the Drifter offers himself for the experiment. He will go anywhere and work anywhere (after his fashion). It would be a lot of fun, he thinks, to go to England and spend a summer working for the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Mirror*. Either would do equally well. So would one of the fine English weeklies. But there is much to see and to do in England outside of Fleet Street, so maybe work on a daily or weekly would be too confining. Better probably would be a job on a quarterly—which had just gone to press when the Drifter arrived for his two months' stay. In Paris life is even more engrossing, so that the Drifter would reluctantly pass by a chance to join the staff of the *Temps* or the *Matin* and seek a place with a good annual, like "Tout Paris" or the Almanach Hachette. And if the Drifter should be sent to the East, to Calcutta or Singapore, he would refuse to consider even an annual publication. He would want to be an editor of an encyclopedia the preparation of which was destined to take a lifetime and whose staff assembled only once every five or six years. THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## "Those Terrible Britons"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My heart fell this morning when, opening my copy of *The Nation*, I found myself branded in an editorial as a danger to the world's peace. "In the interests of international peace and friendly understanding," I read, "some things ought to be prevented by law. Among those which come in mind immediately are (1) books about the United States by visiting Englishmen—especially visiting English lecturers; (2) Mr. St. John Ervine's drama column in the New York *World*; and (3) criticisms of American books in any British review." For a few moments I imagined that I had bought the wrong paper and was reading the humorous column in one of those funny papers which are the awe and wonder of the world, but, alas, there was no escape for me in such an imagining as that. Solemnly and apparently in conclave, *The Nation* announces that I am likely to cause a conflagration between the United States and Great Britain unless I am prevented by law from writing about the American drama. I see the agitated Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, who had so much difficulty in deciding whether he would support Mr. Smith or Mr. Thomas in the Presidential election, crying in agony to his colleagues: "My God, if this fellow Ervine isn't stopped, the navy experts will get the additional cruisers and then there'll be war!" One more word from me on the merits or demerits of a musical comedy, and apparently Washington will issue an ultimatum, if not to the world, at least to Great Britain. God forbid that I should be the cause of strife or that I should even exacerbate international feeling, and so, sir, I appeal to you to condescend to a few details. An editorial in a weekly review of the caliber of *The Nation* is a vastly different affair from a signed article or an individual and jocular commentary such as the Driftway. Had the Drifter made the statement which I have quoted, or had Mr. Krutch included it in his dramatic criticism, I should not have felt any dismay, for personal opinion or playful exaggeration can be discounted; but a solemn editorial rebuke is another matter.

And perhaps, sir, while you are informing me in what way my contributions to the *World* have endangered "international peace and friendly understanding," you will also tell me and your readers who are the terrible Britons who write books about the United States, after they have lectured here, with the same malignant effect. Do you wish to have a law passed to prevent any visiting Englishman—I happen not to be English at all, but to be an Ulsterman without one drop of English blood in my veins—from writing about the United States or merely to prevent the publication of books in which any adverse criticism on this country is passed? And will you also tell me and your readers why, if you wish to suppress by law all "criticisms of American books in any British review," American authors so sedulously send their books to British reviews? Whatever an "English reviewer" does, whether he praises or condemns an American book, he meets with your disapproval. The poor simp, seemingly, can do no right. You quote passages from a review which appeared in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, in which references were made to an American book, and you add: "One would hardly think the book worth more than a trifling mention in a literary review." Well, sir, after reading your editorial—*editorial*, sir!—entitled Those Terrible Britons, I am prepared to find anything in any review anywhere. I shall not be at all astonished if the main editorial in the next issue of *The Nation* is written by the Rev. Billy Sunday or Mr. Groucho Marx.

In the interests of journalistic pride—after all, we belong to the same craft and no journalist likes to see another journalist letting it down—I suggest that you should try to remember

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that there is a difference between an editorial in *The Nation* and a bright and breezy article in a college magazine, edited by a freshman. Those Terrible Britons obviously was written by a sophomore.

*New York, November 23* ST. JOHN ERVINE

[*The Nation* does not believe that its editorial pages should be debarred from any rights of "playful exaggeration" that are allowed to the Drifter or its dramatic critic. We do not take the menace of Mr. Ervine as seriously as he seems to imagine. And we still have our sense of humor.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Smith for the Cabinet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the outstanding attributes in Mr. Hoover's career is his indifference to party as compared with principle. He who whole-heartedly and usefully served Woodrow Wilson might as whole-heartedly and usefully be served by Alfred Smith. Mr. Hoover has notably refrained from belittling in any way Mr. Smith's superb record as a public servant. Mr. Hoover is not only with Woodrow Wilson in recognizing Smith's statesmanlike qualities but with Charles Evans Hughes and other Republicans. Why should not our new President create a vigorous, human, honest, and influential precedent in our politics by appointing Governor Smith to a Cabinet post?

*Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 23* WITTER BYNNER

## Flagler's Philanthropy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add this much to what was printed of my article on the orchestral merger in *The Nation* of October 17. Mr. Flagler received editorial praise for a support of the New York Symphony that had furnished perhaps the only justification for his wealth, and had not so much as deprived his breakfast eggs of their bacon. Instead he deserved only a rebuke for withdrawing this support. Even as high-minded a man as Mr. Flagler illustrates the consequences of leaving such matters to wealthy individuals who are apt to support an orchestra out of misplaced faith in some conductor, and, when he retires, to treat it as a losing business venture is treated.

And I should like to ask the question that was omitted from my article on the Salzburg Festival. What is there in the music of Bloch that would be recognized as Jewish without knowledge of the titles, or as the work of a Jew without knowledge of the fact?

*New York, November 22* B. H. HAGGIN

## It Undoubtedly Would

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would like to run a weekly column in your magazine in which I will agree to answer correctly all economic questions. I will also agree to pay to the people submitting the questions, or to charity, three times the amount of salary you will pay, should I fail to answer these questions correctly. You will note that this suggestion is based upon fifteen years of research work in economics and a point of view which has enabled me to express economics mathematically. My method explains every economic phenomenia [*sic*] that has taken place from the dawn of man to the present day, simply and definitely. I believe such a column would be interesting to all students of economics.

*New York, November 30* JEROME LEVY

P. S. All biographical, historical, and psychological questions barred. The writer, furthermore, is no prophet.

## Contributors to This Issue

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, author, dramatist, and poet, is professor of English literature at the University of North Carolina.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican United States Senator from Nebraska since 1913, is the leader of the progressive group in the Senate.

THOMAS F. MILLARD is correspondent in China for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

PAUL BLANSHARD is associate editor of *The Nation*.

BORGHILD LEE has contributed to "Poetry" and other poetry magazines.

ANITA BRENNER contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Latin-American topics.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other current periodicals.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is author with Morris Ernst of "To the Pure . . ."

ALLEN TATE is a poet and literary critic.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN reviews books regularly for *The Nation*.

HOFRAT DR. FRIEDRICH HERTZ is a distinguished Austrian writer on political and economic questions.

**COMMUNITY LECTURES**
DR. GEORGE P. BAKER
Professor of Dramatic Art at Yale University.
*Thursday Evenings at 8:15.*
"THE CHANGING DRAMA"
January 3—"Finding the Way—Jones and Pinero."
January 10—"What Is True?—Shaw."
January 17—"Readjustment—O'Neill."
January 24—"The Present and the Outlook."
*Course tickets, $2.50.*
*Single admission at door, $.75.*
LEWIS GANNETT
"Current Events in American Life and How They Affect the World"
*Wednesday Evening, January 9, 8:15.*
*Single admission at door, $.75.*
Park Ave. at 34th St. THE COMMUNITY CHURCH New York City

A Memorial Service in Tribute to
MRS. HENRY VILLARD
will be held at
The Community Church of New York
Park Avenue and 34th Street
Monday, December 17, 8:15 P. M.
Auspices
THE WOMEN'S PEACE SOCIETY
20 Vesey Street, New York City
and
Participating Organizations
Friends of Mrs. Villard are invited to attend.



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# Books and Plays

## Angel Guri

By BORGHILD LEE

Guri wears a bonnet
And a dress of black
That fits her like
A potato sack.

The wind fills her skirt
Till she has no feet,
She looks like a black bird
Coming down the street.

She pushes a fish-cart
And sings and cries
(She has sold her body
To be taken when she dies):

"Fish in the court!
Fresh, young, and fine—
Turn them in the sun
And see them shine!"

All day long
Up and down the street
Walks a black bird
Without any feet.

No one will bury her,
No bells will ring,
She has sold her body
For ten crowns to the king!

# This Week

## Franz Boas

SINCE very few people enjoy the spectacle of intelligence applied to life I do not suppose that "Anthropology and Modern Life"* will achieve a large circulation. But it should be read by anyone who is ever tempted to voice an opinion about race superiority or inferiority, sex characteristics and aptitudes, national differences, standards of conduct, habits and instincts, manners, the superiority of the intellectuals or of the "upper" classes, religion, or sex. For in the compass of this short volume Franz Boas accomplishes the annihilation of the bases of almost all the prejudices and passions on which modern society rests, and arrives by the least spectacular kind of reasoning at revolutionary and yet strangely hopeful conclusions.

One by one he questions the accepted attitudes by which we live. We speak confidently of "races" and "racial types," even within the confines of a single continent where every nationality comprises the mingled blood of nearly every strain. We speak of the presence of "higher" and "lower" racial types, without even knowing—since no certain tests have been devised—what the relation is between structure and function. We decide, by establishing certain arbitrary standards—usually of likeness to ourselves—that one culture is superior to another and we conclude that people of a primitive culture are mentally inferior, ignoring the accidents of climate and food supply and migration that help to retard or speed the development of civilizations.

Professor Boas does not limit himself to general considerations such as these. He discusses the laws and customs of modern America as he would the ways of the Aleutian Islanders. He considers the immigration policy of the Coolidge Administration in the light of the fact that no racial lines can be successfully drawn across the face of Europe and that no national or ethnological groups can possibly claim a monopoly of intelligence and integrity. He looks upon international war with eyes that have watched the primitive horde turn savagely upon the alien horde to preserve its own food supply from invasion, and yet have witnessed a steadily widening circle of common interest and mutual dependence among peoples. Acknowledging the ferocious domination of race prejudice, Professor Boas is able to ignore popular attitudes with a serenity that is almost alarming. He discusses the relations of Negroes and Whites in America and the evil effects of social division based on race differences and concludes with these words:

> The causes that operate against the unions of colored men and white women are almost as potent as in the days of slavery. Looking forward toward a lessening of the intensity of race feeling an increase of unions of white men and colored women would be desirable. The present policy of many of the Southern States tends to accentuate the lack of homogeneity of our nation.

Such a truncated quotation does not do justice to the integrity of Professor Boas's argument, but it is included as an indication of his temper.

He is willing to wait for the changes that he sees coming; man is still young on the earth and from the beginning "the increase of knowledge, the freeing of the individual from traditional fetters, the extension of political units have proceeded regularly." People act "under the stress of the tradition in which they have grown up"—not because they are biologically committed to one course. And changes occur through "forces active in the individuals that make up the social group." The closer the contact between individuals and groups and nations the stronger is the pressure toward change, the less the resistance.

And so Mr. Boas arrives at the hopeful conclusion that the nations of the world are on the road to peace and world federation. Presumably, too, race lines will be broken down, race differences will disappear, and class conflicts will be solved. In the long vision of the anthropologist these changes may appear likely; in the rest of us they arouse questions. Will our wide interchange of knowledge and our swift communications eliminate primitive fears and misconceptions or will they only produce new terrors on a grand scale and more magnificent means of annihilation? Are we keeping up with our culture, or becoming more confused and inadequate in the face of the civilization our unimproved brains have produced? I wish Professor Boas would discuss these problems and others that his book suggests in a new volume which he could call "Anthropology and the Future."

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

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# The Man Who Cheats

*Ananias, or The False Artist.* By Walter Pach. Harper and Brothers. $4.

"FOR twenty years," says Walter Pach, "I have been trying to strangle this book. Now let somebody else take the job." Twenty years of looking at the rows of notorious and unblushing misdemeanors in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum would no doubt make one want to strangle something. Still, when Walter Pach spoke to me of the Ananias project, I wondered sympathetically why he should want to write about those particular things and the others like them. He estimates the number of bad and indifferent artists in Paris alone at 39,900. Devote your time and thought to them, when there are a hundred good ones? "And if there be but ten just men in Sodom, she is saved. . . ."

Furthermore, for whose benefit the exposé? The idols that would be shattered are already more than crumbling. Few of the people who would read a book about painting and sculpture would think of even questioning Pach's rightness and righteousness. They would enjoy, as they do, the wholly comic, excellently chosen display of abominations. The rest at the most might be shamed into putting their prints in the closet.

But "Ananias" turns out to be a subtle philosophical and sociological excursion. It is not the 39,900 failures who are to be strangled. It is the "large number of men who should be ranked with the failures" and "are considered by the general public as successes, the great men of the modern period, indeed." And who are they? They are all the same man, the ubiquitous Ananias, the man who cheats.

Now Ananias is not so easily defined, though he is easily enough recognized, as easily as one knows a good odor from a bad one, Walter Pach suggests. Roger Fry has pointed him out frequently. Pach finds him in many countries and periods: among the Phoenicians, three hundred years before Christ; in Europe, in America. He has, however, at this moment in the United States, unusual prestige and power and a very fat bank account. He is the man who "sells" himself on other merits than those of his work. Like Sargent, he makes flattering portraits of people who want to be flattered; he imitates his betters and poses in their garments, like Zuloaga in Goya's; he trusts to sensationalism such as can be achieved by outmoderning the moderns and being more primitive than the primitives, and, like Mestrovic, pleases the snobs of sophistication; he rides on patriotism, religion, romantic love; above all he struts in the sacrosanct armor of the Greeks and of the Renaissance. These things he does because he has little soul of his own, or because he hates to work and likes automobiles. He is a snob, a pharisee, literally a bunk artist, and frequently a most unhappy man.

Therein lies the danger. Consciously or unconsciously a cheat, he is envious and afraid of the people he suspects may have, after all, the better portion. He hates them much as many lonely prudes hate lovers. He therefore turns upon them viciously. Being of facile virtue, he becomes an arbiter, an authority, a person of temporary power. He has often the last word upon what goes into the museums, what is taught in the schools, and the result is shocking poverty of spirit in many young artists who might have done better by themselves, and vulgar decorations in theaters and on the walls of fine buildings, and continued ignorance, the same that keeps Ananias sitting where he sits and the notorious misdemeanors hanging where they hang.

It is, after all, not a question of art but of morals. Ananias is more easily identified in the plastic arts, perhaps because there he cannot help but make his own image. What about the playwright who depends on lights and scenic effects to carry a cheap and incoherent play? What about the musician who steals the melody of a good man or turns fulsomely the irreproachable mask of the "classics"? What about the writer who veils pornography in pink? And the scientist who lops or pads his dat to prove a current bias or superstition? In the newspapers, th movies, in politics, everywhere there is the same Ananias. Beyond question Walter Pach is right. But he needs help.

ANITA BRENNER

# Portraits of France

*Louis XIV.* By Louis Bertrand. Translated by Cleveland Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

*Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution.* By Henri Bérau Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

*The Enchantress.* By Helen W. Henderson. Houghton Miffli Company. $4.50.

IF the last was the stammering century, our own is the topsy turvy one. Values have been reversed. In the past a disposition on the part of the individual to give some of hi time and energy to the remedying of public abuses was hel admirable; today "world-saving" has become a term of oppro brium, and those infected with its virus are pityingly classed a pathological. In the past virginity was admired in women, an quaint terms like "deflowering" were used when this preciou status was given up. Today, among the true cognoscenti, young woman is held suspect unless she wears with some degre of publicity at least one privileged lover. Yet as we investigat the numerous upheavals of ideals, we find that there is a curious lack of method in the change: in one case a democratic idea replaces an aristocratic one; in the next the reverse is true; an we begin to suspect that heterodoxy is worshiped for itsel rather than for its fruits.

This being so, the publishers have chosen exactly the righ time to launch Bertrand's ardent defense of Louis XIV. Wa Louis accused of sowing the whirlwind? Then point out tha it was he who introduced an almost classical restraint an dignity into French life. Was he accused of dissipating th great kingdom he inherited, by ceaseless wars and harrying taxes? Then show that when he became King France was torn by civil war, its power was reduced, its boundaries were uncertain, and that little by little he restored its wealth, built up its army, and as a result of one successful campaign after another incorporated in its boundaries disputed territory that has since belonged to France. Was he accused of idling luxuriously at Court while the neglected army struggled against odds? This was a carefully considered plan to conceal the magnitude of his plans from the enemy. Was he accused of failing to wring sufficient profit from his victories, and of concluding premature peace when he might have crushed the enemy, in order to rush back to Mme de Maintenon and Versailles? This again was superb diplomacy. The world was united against him, and if he had exacted too greedy terms of peace from a vanquished enemy, Austria, Germany, Spain, and England would have forced him to disgorge. Moreover, it was an old complaint against France that she could conquer new territory, but could not hold it. Louis consolidated his gains before seeking more. Was he accused of grinding the faces of the poor and of saying "L'état, c'est moi"? Flatly, he never said it, and his "entire life belied that silly stilted phrase." Was he accused of being frivolous and of placing too much respect in the pretensions of rank? It was he who encouraged, patronized, and—contrary to the current custom in France—duly respected great artists and writers. "He was the King of France during the Grand Siècle, and created the most civilized society in Occidental history since the days of Greece and Rome." "With the debatable exception of Napoleon, he was the greatest ruler France has ever had! He fashioned France in his own image, and she remains today essentially as he left her."

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This is a blast indeed, and the heterodoxy of M. Bertrand's inions can be counted on to compensate for his too declamatory style. The most interesting question the book raises is not uched upon by the author. In spite of Louis's ability and votion as a king, the seeds of revolution were certainly sown ring his long reign; and one wonders if perhaps a highly vilized society is not too great a luxury for any country to pport for a protracted period of time. Certainly it was too vere a strain for France in the days before mechanical inven-ons magnified man's labor power. The book can be read with ofit only if the author's monarchistic and religious prejudices e discounted; but this is true of a writer as much greater than ertrand as Sainte-Beuve. Bertrand's portrait of Mme de aintenon, as of all the King's mistresses, is absurdly unfair. e leans too much on asseveration and too little on the wealth material available to the historian of this period. Nevertheless the lay student of the period will be well repaid by reading ie book.

The twelve portraits of the revolution are Mirabeau, Dan-on, Robespierre, Saint Just, Marat, Desmoulins, Vergniaud, the ing, the Queen, Theroigne de Méricourt, Mme Roland, and harlotte Corday. They are rapid, well-written recitals of the ain facts of the lives of each sitter, and, with the exception f that of Marie Antoinette, are done with impartiality and ppreciation of different types of people. They are too brief, owever, to go into disputed points, and the writer has no unsual gifts of character evocation.

The story of Dianne de Poytiers is, in its writing, as excelnt an example of the better type of modern biography as Louis IV is a poor one. Miss Henderson writes extremely well, and he has used great skill in weaving into her own vivacious narative the very extensive first-hand materials she has accumuted. Instead of making loud asseverations as to Dianne's true haracter, she quotes inimitable contemporary stories drawn oth from her admirers and her detractors. Instead of hotly sserting Henri's devotion, she quotes some of his letters, but lways to the point, and never for the sake of rubbing in her rudition. Diarists of the period, letter writers, poets, gossips, atirists, confessors, abbés, rakes, great lords, and ladies, all rail in lively procession through her book, which is enriched vith twenty-two illustrations—contemporary portraits, statues, as-reliefs, enamels, and chateaux. If I have a criticism to ake of this lively narrative, which contrives at the same time o be a rich repository of learning and wit, it is that the imortance of François I, particularly in bringing great artists o his court, is not adequately shown, and that only those among he artists who were directly concerned with Dianne figure in er pages. But in making this criticism I am perhaps only aying that I wish Miss Henderson had written two books instead f one.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

# Spying as Science and Sport

*py and Counter-Spy: The Development of Modern Espionage.* By Richard Wilmer Rowan. The Viking Press. $3.50.
*pies.* By Joseph Gollomb. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE general reader is acquainted with the considerable output of books supposed to be composed of strictly "true" stories of crime, from highway robbery and murder to piracy and treason. The manufacture of this literature has led to the systematic ransacking of libraries for historical documents and court records of the past until one wonders at the industry involved. A great deal of this delving is of scholarly inspiration and the collections have at least a documentary value. But if they are not to be deplored neither are they to be valued very highly. All they usually do is to satisfy curiosity or supply vicarious thrills.

Joseph Gollomb's "Spies" is, on the whole, a book of this character. Its origin may be set down to the progressive exhaustion of true stories of murderers and pirates, by this author in particular and by his fellow-practitioners in general. The neglect of the spy till now is not surprising when it is considered that his work has always been kept so secret that the hardest spade labor is necessary to bring it to light. The research of Mr. Gollomb has been highly successful, but the book he offers is simply a compilation of spy stories. They are told in chronological order from the days of Moses, who sent spies to survey the land of Canaan, to Wilhelm Stieber, who first put spying upon an organized basis, right down to the latest spy episodes of the Great War. The tales of the individual spies are well told. A reader who is seeking palpitations of the heart will get them. But that is almost the whole value of the book.

On the other hand, Richard Wilmer Rowan's "Spy and Counter-Spy" is a vastly more sophisticated book. Appearing at almost the same time and based upon practically the same material (the respective authors score very few "beats") it is converted by the attitude of its author and by his method into a contribution to political science of real importance. Mr. Rowan has taken the stories of individual spies and made them into a well-ordered treatise on the work of the spy. We are presented with a lucid exposition of the various sides of the spy's activities rather than mere history. This double aspect of the book gives it at once meaning and quality. In Mr. Rowan we are dealing, it is apparent, with a student of espionage considered as an art and a science; and an aspiring spy will find here a manual that has a Machiavellian flavor all its own. The author is perfectly detached and passes no judgments, moral or patriotic, and the acerbity of his style is well suited to his purpose. Moreover, a strong political-mindedness has made him perceive that an account of spies and spying should aim at far more than diversion. His treatment of the subject as one of the phases of statecraft makes admirably clear its relation to the problems of war and imperialism. He forces the reader to reflect upon such matters as the connections between spying and disarmament and between spying and the destruction of civil rights in war time. Liberals should find instructive his statement that 45,000 spies, about equally divided, were in action on both sides during the Great War. In fact, the whole book is one that deserves to be read and pondered by anyone who is at all interested in war and peace and international relations.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

# A New Symbolist

*Now the Sky and Other Poems.* By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

THIS is Mr. Van Doren's third volume of poetry, and it is one of the half-dozen really distinguished books of poetry that have appeared in America in the last ten years. His performance has exhibited, from the outset, a continuity of impulse, a certainty of direction, and consequently a homogeneous development of style. There are other contemporary poetic minds as interesting as Mr. Van Doren's, but none knows itself so well. He is that rare American poet who has been able to sustain, over a number of years, a single purpose, and to extend and deepen this purpose without doing violence to his style as it was originally conceived. Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens, of Van Doren's generation, alone have equaled him in the certainty of their craft; but their impulse contrasted with his (which is complex and dynamic) is simple and static, and easier to control.

Mr. Van Doren is, in fact, if not the most brilliant stylist of our time, one of the most accomplished craftsmen. It would be difficult to find in all his work an ill-written poem. There are, however, several unsatisfactory poems. There has always been in his verse, as I have previously pointed out, an occa-

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sional obscurity which appears when the poem seems, at first glance, to be simplest and clearest. Take this stanza, from one of the Philosopher's Love Songs:

> I learn at last
> To wait alone.
> She is my own
> And tethered fast—
> But to no mast
> And to no moan.

It is an image that puts the seal of logical meaning upon the poem but which leaves the emotion diffuse. This kind of obscurity, in a poet of Van Doren's stature, is due to a gift for writing which persists at those times when the impulse is diffuse or repetitive. But this analysis, in the light of his most recent poems, requires extension: the symbols that first occupied his mind were not equal to the full reach of his vision, and while these early symbols could not comprehend all that he had to say and left his emotion diffuse, his skill as a rhetorician saved him from the appearance of failure.

Certain minute changes in natural scenes are the source of Van Doren's early symbolism, and in the best poems the correspondence between the feeling and the image is so exact that it has tempted him to attribute philosophical value to the "objective reference" of his feeling—that is, to nature itself. There has therefore been latent in his impulse the tendency to document his sense of nature to the fullest. But he has always had more than the sense of nature, or at any rate a sense quite different from that. Only those poems in which the feeling is intimately related to the natural symbol are completely successful. Nature, in short, has been the sustaining framework of Van Doren's best work up to the present time. But it has not exhausted his vision; there has been a certain number of poems, written in the effort to document the sense of nature, which contain traces of an impulse alien to that intention. What to do with this alien impulse and what its significance is in relation to the original one are questions that landed Mr. Van Doren in a serious dilemma.

But, as a conscious artist, he has, in the present volume, analyzed his predicament, and he sets about correcting the divided emphasis of his past work. Nature, he says, in a long history of his mind entitled We Come Too Late, no longer sustains him: the last poem in the book predicts a more varied background for his future work. There is, indeed, at present interesting evidence of this.

There are few poets whom the sense of nature has supported throughout a long career, and there is nothing peculiarly modern in Mr. Van Doren's rejection of an early belief. That he has, however, been able to extricate himself from a predicament that would destroy most poets and to use the predicament itself as a fresh starting-point attests to the vigilance of one of the most acute intelligences in contemporary poetry.

Yet, if there is nothing specifically modern in a rejection of nature, the positive direction with which Van Doren follows his rejection puts upon it a definitely modern interpretation. It is not that his feeling for nature has weakened; it is rather that he can no longer believe in it as a realm of fixed symbols adequate to what he has to say. It no longer has the intrinsic value that he once thought it had. As a modern mind he has been affected by the scientific version of nature (or by its moral equivalent in the social atmosphere), which has killed its human values. Turning away, he finds that the only values accessible to him as a modern lie within himself. And so, breaking off from the early tendency toward a minute documentation of the sense of nature—possible only so long as nature has intrinsic human values—he grows more and more interested in the creation of intricate and elusive emotions, which a simple inspection of the face of nature would not support. Poems like Tiresias, The Disguise, Civil War, in which the imagery is composed of irrational symbols irreducible to the logic of prose, connect Van Doren with his contemporaries Wallace Stevens, Phelps Putnam, Hart Crane. There is, in these recent poems, a quality not unlike that of the symbolist poets. And there is, besides, a quality of macabre ferocity in some of his images unlike anything he has done before and unlike anything by anybody else. Here is a specimen from Civil War:

> In the forbidden country where the sod
> Grows down and down, with restless blue roots, gray roots,
> In the dark windy land no one can leave,
> Separate necks yearn homeward;
> Separate hungry shoulders pull and pull.
> *Wind, oh wind, I did not come to stay;*
> *I must be there tomorrow, not to miss. . . .*
> But the dark wind is earless, and the day
> Is endless, and the grasses hiss and hiss.

ALLEN TATE

# Fiction from History

*Ashes.* By Stephan Zeromski. Translated from the Polish by Helen Stankiewics Zand. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes, boxed. $6.

*Defeat.* By Ricarda Huch. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

*Trenck: The Love Story of a Favourite.* By Bruno Frank. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IS it really possible for these three examples of historical fiction to have been written by contemporaries, or near contemporaries (Zeromski died in 1925 and Ricarda Huch had completed her best work by the outbreak of the war)? They seem separated by generations, almost epochs. So sharp cut are the abysses that lie between them that the reader can trace with fair exactitude the progressive steps taken in recent years by the mind of the historical novelist.

"Ashes" is a two-volume explosion detonating against the ferociously colored background of the Napoleonic invasion and the Polish struggle for freedom. It is difficult to understand Conrad's words of praise for a writer whose mind seems stuffed full of servant-girl romances. To Zeromski history is merely a series of violences in chronological order, a sort of uninterrupted red flare against which the characters send up their oratorical rockets. His heroes are passionate and aristocratic: The Duchess would not have been ashamed to sponsor them. His heroines, to avoid being raped by non-Polish soldiery, cast themselves over Byronic cliffs, a proceeding permissible in life but hardly in literature.

A critical moment in a nation's history is not viewed as a modern eye would view it, that is, as the culmination of a series of complex forces resolvable by the exercise of the critical and imaginative faculties working in harmonious conjunction, but as chaotic melodrama, in which all the actors out-Herod Herod and megaphone their feelings quite in the manner of the ten twent'-thirt'. If Santayana could bring himself to peruse such undisciplined and tropical prose, he would find in "Ashes" a perfect example of the literature of barbarism. We have not had such a roaring perversion of history since "Quo Vadis."

While Ricarda Huch is, as a literary craftswoman, infinitely superior to the purpureal Zeromski, her outlook on the past is at bottom no more moving than his. "Defeat" is concerned with Garibaldi's defense of Rome and his ignominious withdrawal before the forces of France in 1849. If "Ashes" is chaotic melodrama, "Defeat" is a heroic pageant, conceived in Carlylean terms. Confronted with Italy, Ricarda Huch seems to have undergone the same process of mental softening that is observable in her countrymen, Goethe and Winckelmann. When a German crosses the Alps his capacity for detached reflection seems abruptly to desert him and his emotions immediately register high pressure. If there is any political

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movement that cries out for the judgment of an ironic mind is the Risorgimento; and if there are any two national heroes who combine the qualities of courage and idealism with those of absurd grandiloquence and sentimental quixotism, they are Garibaldi and Mazzini. But Ricarda Huch remains true to an expiring tradition: Garibaldi and Mazzini are stuck to their pedestals with a heavy Teutonic glue and introduced to us as if they were Achilles and Odysseus. The result of this posturing is comic opera rendered all the more ludicrous by the author's unswerving admiration of her heroes even in their most undignified moments. Ricarda Huch's great historical knowledge and her grave and marmoreal prose cannot atone for her lack of humor and insight.

As a historical novel, "Trenck" is a slight work and does not remain long in the memory, but it is at least free of the defects of "Ashes" and "Defeat." Except for his occasional but unimportant concessions to German national feeling, Frank's view of Frederick the Great and his ill-starred favorite, Baron Trenck, is intelligent and realistic. He is lacking in the psychological sympathy of Brod and Neumann and Feuchtwanger, but at least he does not enlarge his characters beyond life-size nor does he depend on a set of emotional formulas to secure the reader's sympathy. Though his best chapters are the purely narrative ones, one can see that he views his historical material in critical perspective, a perspective that does not exclude irony and humor. He works like a modern man with whatever tools the modern historian can furnish him.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

# Books in Brief

*The Formation of the Chinese People: An Anthropological Inquiry.* By Chi Li. Harvard University Press.

What is a Chinese? They differ from one another in height, color, habits, and skull form; and for thousands of years the race has been changing. Chi Li's is a pioneer scientific study. He summarizes such physical data as are available upon the physical traits of modern Chinese in various parts of China (a decade hence there will be more abundant and conclusive data), the records of city-wall building, the spread of various Chinese surnames, and the distribution of the "We-group," those whom the Chinese have regarded as civilizers, of their own kind, and of the "You-group," the aliens, the barbarians. He traces the incorporation into the "We-group," originally confined to the silk-wearing, rice-eating, city-building descendants of the Yellow Emperor, of the horse-riding, flesh-eating Hsiung-nus, the yak-driving Ch'iangs, the pig-rearing Tungus, and the cattle-stealing Mongols, since the beginning of the Christian era, and the distribution in the various provinces of these new stocks; and the slower absorption of the tattooing Shans and the cremating Tibeto-Burmans in the South. And he concludes modestly: "The aim of this monograph is simply to show the complexity of the problem and the possible ways of solving it."

*Indice de Documentos de Nueva España.* Secretaria de Relaciones exteriores, Mexico.

The wonders of New Spain, the exploits of the conquerors—these pages of American history and romance have still hardly been cut. Even this catalogue of the letters and reports made for the King of Spain by explorers, soldiers, and missionaries from Arizona to Peru is here for the first time available. It was compiled by the Mexican historian Francisco del Paso y Troncoso for his own use and has been posthumously published. Possibly it is not a complete list, but certainly it is an adequate one. It covers the entire colonial period, and even the bare outline of the titles unfolds a vision, from the first searches for golden lands to the last quarrels over booty. For historians, archaeologists, anthropologists, and ama-

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teurs with the time and talent to read Spanish paleography in Seville, this is a valuable book. But one would like to see in print, and in English, at least samples of this king's fare.

*A Book About Paris.* By George and Pearl Adam. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

Of course nobody ever writes a book about the capital of France which does not purport to reveal the "real Paris." The only difference is that some authors are more sincere, or more successful, or both, than others. Fortunately, too, there are so many real Parises that there is room for numerous books without exhausting the reality. This volume is certainly sincere and reasonably successful in presenting the "real Paris" of the writers. It deals with sober and satisfying aspects, and gives an added pleasure through the inclusion of illustrations in color by H. Franks Waring.

# Drama

## American Comedy

THE conventional opinion has it that George M. Cohan is the head of the American comic tradition. Both here and abroad it is generally assumed, not only that we are at present incapable of the more civilized sorts of comedy, but also that any possible future for us lies in his direction. There is, of course, a certain element of truth in this contention. He did succeed in crossing the new and shallow sophistication of Broadway with that bucolic innocence of spirit which of necessity lingers in a metropolitan civilization hardly a generation old, and he did thus achieve very lively representations of the people with whom he dealt from their own point of view. But his plays had the crudeness as well as the vivacity of his characters. He not only represented the workings of the immature American mind but he exemplified it as well, and to say that the *genre* which he made popular is the one which we must continue to cultivate is simply to assert that, resting content with vulgar representations of vulgarity, we must never hope to reach any artistic maturity at all.

Plays like "Broadway," "The Royal Family," and "The Barker" belong, for all the differences which may exist between them, to the Cohan tradition both in their tendency to sanction an ultimate dependence upon melodrama or farce and in the essentially uncritical character of even their satire. These are hailed by the general public and by that section of the commentators which still pins its faith upon the popular as distinguished from the literary drama, but they do not, for all that, seem to be leading anywhere. No conceivable increase in speed or superficial verisimilitude can raise noisy entertainments of the type of "Broadway" above their own level, and the hope of an American comedy lies less with their authors than with people like Maxwell Anderson, H. N. Behrman, and Philip Barry who have been more quietly experimenting with native comedies of a different sort. This week two new ones, "Holiday" (Plymouth Theater) and "A Most Immoral Lady" (Cort Theater), have appeared.

For the earlier and much be-praised "whimsical" plays of Mr. Barry, author of the first, I have no great enthusiasm, but in "Paris Bound" he showed himself capable of writing pure comedy with dexterity and taste and in "Holiday" he at least equals his former success. The plot is extremely slight and the whole thing tenuous to the very last degree, but it is both delightfully witty and thoroughly humane as well. Mr. Barry does not cultivate either the wisecrack or even its more literary twin brother the epigram; his dialogue is not of the sort which can be quoted in fragments and it is almost too unsubstantial to be subject to analysis; but it ripples in one gay and continuous stream throughout the piece like the conversation which one hopes to hear (but never has actually heard) at some supernal well-selected dinner-party. He tells no story that is particular important and introduces us to no character very remarkab in himself, but he generates that atmosphere in which comec lives, breathes, and has its being. His people have gaiety ar ease and grace. They make us believe in the real existence that world of delicate suavity, of the free but decorous play the intellect toward which sophisticated societies are alway striving, and which, though it is never reached by any people flesh and blood, it is the business of comedy to imagine in i perfection in order, first, that we may have an image of th ideal of civilized human intercourse and, second, that we ma find in this idealized world of manners some compensation fo the inevitable crudities of that real one in which we live. M Barry is as "American" as he needs to be—he deals, that is say, with American characters in an American scene. But h play is also, as every good American piece should be, somethin more. It is international or classic besides, not because it great or powerful, but because its author is endeavoring to wri comedy in the great tradition.

Townsend Martin's "A Most Immoral Lady" is hardly les accomplished in its dialogue, in its atmosphere, and in its su cess in creating interestingly agreeable people, but the autho has attempted to handle a more dramatic situation witho knowing exactly what to do with it, so that the play, contin ously interesting during the first two acts, arrives at a high conventional and rather pointless conclusion. It has, howeve the very important advantage of Miss Alice Brady in the lea ing role. She is, without exception I think, the most accon plished American interpreter of the spirit of polite comedy an she illuminates the whole with her charm, making the play see better than it is. Never within my memory has she had a ro quite worthy of her, but she exists as a constant challenge to ou playwrights. She is here, finished and waiting for that come which several of them seem capable at any moment of writing

The rapturous applause which greeted "A Play Without Name" (Booth Theater) was probably intended for Peggy Woo who plays the leading role. The play itself is a rather commor place sentimental drama interrupted at three points by a ver elaborate scene supposed to represent the interior of the hero' skull. The only thing to be said of them is that of all the od devices recently tried out on the stage this one achieves th minimum of communication with the maximum of machinery

"The Sacred Flame" (Henry Miller), a pretty good exampl of the rather mechanical sort of play which Maugham has go into the habit of giving us, affords Clare Eames the oppor tunity to do the best piece of acting she has done in severa seasons past. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Robert Rossiter, a widower of forty, decides, for the goo of his three children, to give up a sweetheart of seven years standing and marry a respectable bit of vapidity who doesn' care for him and for whom he doesn't care. What the chil dren and the women do about it is the subject of "The Lad Lies" (Little Theater). What Rossiter does—after the other have determined his action—is suggested also at the play's end Modern-minded moralists will insist that Rossiter was a dunc and his problem poppycock, but there are more Rossiters an more poppycock in the world than modern-minded moralists and John Meehan has used the fact to write an amusing, in telligent, and generally convincing comedy. William Boyd an Shirley Warde carry the leading roles well. Nan Sunderlan as Hilda Pearson was good, too, but the chuckles of a pleased third-night audience were chiefly for Anna Thomas as Rossiter' youngest daughter. A. W.

Probably due to the hand of Laurence Stallings, "Rainbow" (Gallo Theater) is far more robust and entertaining than the usual musical play. It is well-staged and well-sung. Charles Ruggles's comedy is a treat, especially in his rendition of "The Bride Was Dressed in White." M. G.

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# International Relations Section

## Austro-German Union

By FRIEDRICH HERTZ

AUSTRIA is today the object of a great deal of criticism in the French press. She is accused of open or at least ill-concealed Pan-Germanism because on the occasion of a song festival there has been, among other things, some talk of union with Germany. Indeed the French press definitely reports Dr. Benes as having declared in Berlin that such a union meant war, and Pertinax adds in a note of explanation in the *Echo de Paris* that this refers not only to a formal and complete consolidation of the two countries without the sanction of the League of Nations (something no German or Austrian dreams of) but also to any gradual conformity of form of government, administration, law, education, and public economy. The latter is actually already taking place, but the treaties of peace give the other states not the slightest right to oppose it. In spite of this, Pertinax maintains that the "threatened" states have the right to go to war in order to prevent such a union, and cites, without regard to the Kellogg pact, Section 7, Article 15 of the constitution of the League of Nations. Other French newspapers hold a similar view of the situation.

Now it is obvious to all that the entire hubbub about the Austrian situation is directed more against Germany than Austria. The intention behind the propaganda is clear: It is to set the public mind in France against Germany's demand that the Rhineland be vacated by raising the alarming cry of Pan-Germanism.

My consistent standpoint as writer, especially during the World War, gives me the right to consider myself as one of the sharpest critics and opponents of German Nationalism. Nor have I been inclined personally to view an unconditional union with Germany with much enthusiasm, although I do not consider myself less a German than an Austrian and a citizen of the world.

Nevertheless I consider it the duty of every pacifist and liberal to take an unmistakable stand against the sophistical negation of the principle of self-determination and against the duplication of the fable of the lion and the lamb involved in the present question. It is not necessary to consider for the present whether consolidation is politically or culturally advisable for Austria, for that question concerns only Austria. It is the far more important international problem which concerns me here. It is, first of all, a rank falsehood that the movement for union with Germany in Austria has been fostered by the German Government or by the German Nationalists. Everyone who has studied the Austrian political situation without prejudice knows very well that the movement has been spontaneous. As a matter of fact, it is opposed heart and soul by the reactionary Nationalist elements in Germany, although they do not any longer dare to voice their objections as loudly as previously. They know only too well that they will never be able to count on assistance from the Austrian Germans in a war for revenge, and that the Austrian votes will be cast overwhelmingly in favor of peace and democracy. In the Reichstag, the Austrian Germans would belong principally to the Center and to the Social Democracy, for among them Nationalism is on poorly represented. While in Germany I had more tha one occasion to admire the great tact of reactionaries wh thought nothing of openly expressing their contempt fc "listless" Austria in the presence of an Austrian.

Austria has neither a military junkerdom nor an upp middle-class of great industrial power such as is to be foun in Germany. The nobility, which moreover has been abo ished, was for the most part of foreign origin, and the re of the population has also a considerable proportion of no Germans, mostly in the military and official service, th groups which are at present the mainstay of German Natio alism. The Catholic church was always more internationall minded than German Lutherism. Austrian public opinio today represents mainly the psychology of the poorer pea ant, the lower middle-class, and the petty official, and to th must be added the newer and powerful influence of Soci Democracy.

Let us, however, assume for the moment that which i empirically impossible. Let us analyze the situation fro the point of view of the French Nationalists who preten to fear that, once united with Germany, the unarmed Au trian people will proceed to threaten the rather well-pr pared Czecho-Slovakian nation. Now if a common war pla existed anywhere else than in the heated imagination of number of French publicists, it would be a matter of no im portance whether Germany and Austria were formall united or not. The "secret general staffs" in Vienna an Berlin could, obviously, work together without the politica union of the two states. Nor would this cooperation neces sarily involve armed participation on Austria's part. Fo Germany engaged in a war of revenge it would be appar ently even an advantage, from the military point of view, t be able to count on an independent and, above all, neutra Austria. For Austria is surrounded by potential enemies and is difficult to defend. Vienna is situated so close to th Austrian border that hostile fliers would be bombing the cit in twenty-five minutes. A neutral Austria would, besides be commercially an open door for Germany, while it woul remain closed to Germany's enemies.

Much more important than these considerations is th maintenance of the right of self-determination which wa established as the binding principle of post-war Europe This is no longer a matter of Austria's or Germany's inter ests; this concerns Europe and the world as well. Withou the right of self-determination the creation of an interna tional rule of justice is an impossibility. With what dis honesty the principle of self-determination is being per verted is shown by the claim that the union of Austria wit Germany would have to be accompanied by the union o Belgium or French Switzerland with France. Does Belgiu then or French Switzerland desire such a union? In case of Austria, on the contrary, such a desire exists. It is noth ing else than a bare lie to call the union of Austria and Ger many annexation.

True it is, of course, that self-determination cannot comprise the entire substance of European political theory. It is indeed unfortunate that this claim was not recognized when the new boundaries were determined. Wherever self-determination was unfavorable to the conquered Powers, the other equally important principle was cast to the winds. Wherever, on the contrary, self-determination was in favor

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f Austria and Germany, arguments and reasons for exceptions to be made were always found to outweigh the former principle. There must be an end, once for all, to this hypocisy and high-handedness. All the possible exceptions to self-etermination must be clearly defined and themselves made s exception-proof as possible.

In the case of Austria the treaty of peace left open the ossibility of union with Germany, subject to the approval f the League of Nations. Austria falls in none of the exeptions to the right of self-determination. The main argunent of the opponents of consolidation is that thereby Gernany's power would be greatly increased, and that this vould threaten the existence of France's allies (meaning Czecho-Slovakia). This is in short nothing else than the ld European principle of the balance of power and of trategic frontiers. That this is actually unlikely has lready been shown. Above this, there is also the thorough llegality of such a consideration. No honest adherent of nternational justice can afford to admit that military conideraions of the balance of power and of strategic boundaries may lead to even the slightest violation of self-determination. He who makes the least concession in this respect vill soon find himself on a steep decline which can only end n the absolute negation of the principle.

There are no national boundaries which are not at some oint or other strategically unfavorable to the neighboring tate. There will always be mountains, rivers, coal and netal mines, harbors, etc., which will appear valuable to the nilitarist. He, therefore, who recognizes the military argunent must perforce deny the nationalistic and democratic. Moreover, "strategic borders" in this era of chemical and air warfare are simply nonsense. It would indeed have to be a Himalaya or an Amazon River which would offer difficulties to the military technique of a modern, industrially developed state. Against the newer methods of warfare and the ingenuity of industrialism our rivers and mountains no longer afford any protection. Against a small, weak state, moreover, no protection is necessary, and the military argument therefore adds hypocrisy to brutal injustice.

The real reasons for the alarm which the French newspapers have raised lie elsewhere. The fear of German military power and revenge is merely an excuse. From the pacifist point of view, France would have every reason to support the union. The whole affair is merely a well-timed effort to wrest concessions from Germany regarding the evacuation of the Rhine provided by the treaty of peace; and to this must be added another motive—Czecho-Slovakia's effort to keep Austria economically dependent. Admittedly, Dr. Benes would be greatly pleased if Austria were incorporated in the Little Entente under Czecho-Slovakian hegemony. Economically indeed a closer alliance between these nations would be profitable to all parties concerned, but unfortunately Czecho-Slovakia has from its very inception pursued a policy toward Austria which is inimical to any such proposal.

It is not a union with Germany but the right of self-determination that I am championing in this article. The practical recognition of this principle appears to me to be so important that in order to establish it I would be willing to advocate consolidation even when I believed it to be against Austria's interests. Whether consolidation is expedient for Austria seems to me to depend upon more narrow considerations. For the sake of peace in Europe it is at any rate highly desirable, for it would put the German Nationalist reactionaries in the hopeless minority.

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